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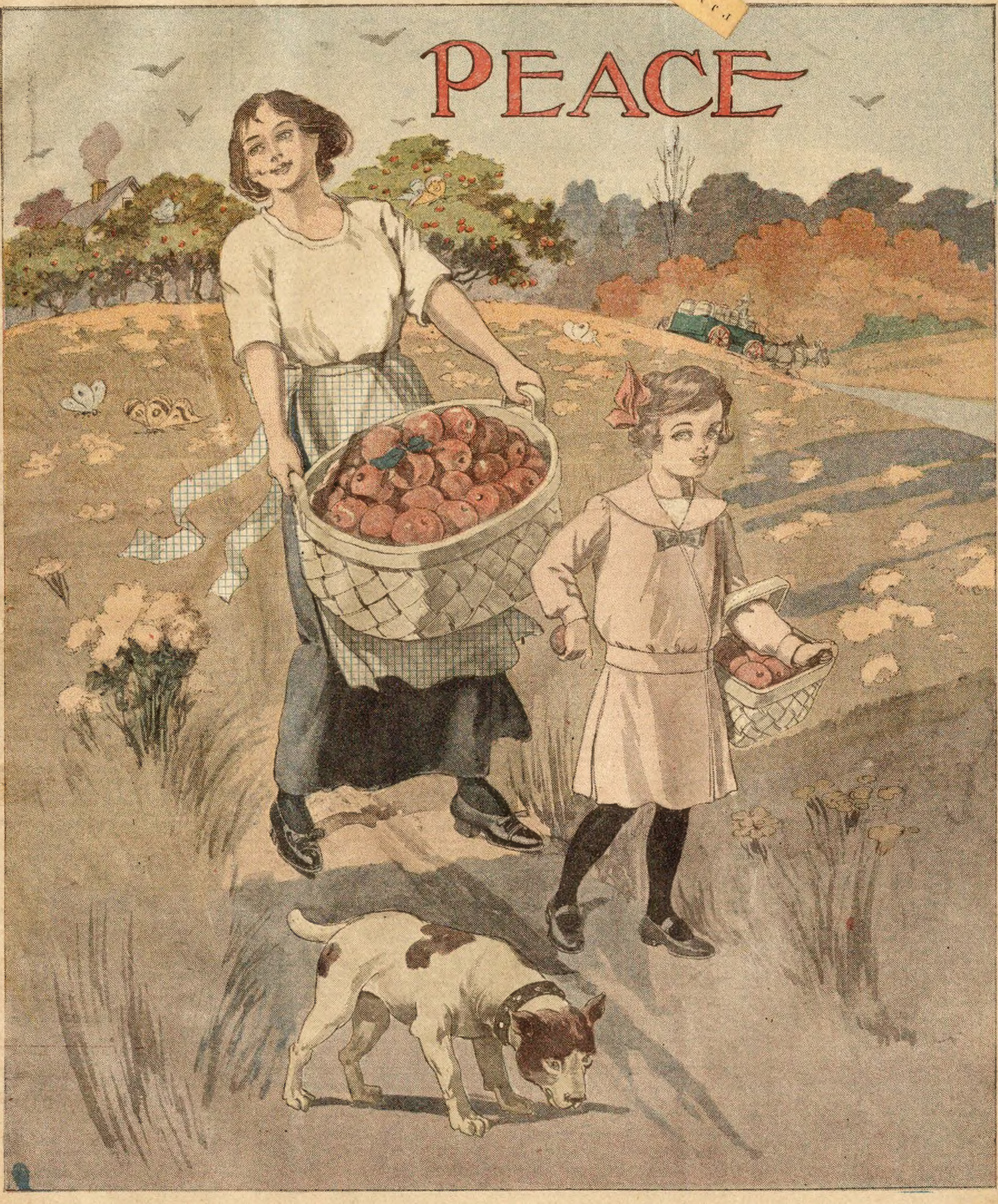

A Wife's Tragedy

Or, The Day of Reckoning

By Granville Osborne

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CHAPTER VIII.

AS HERRICK and Lance entered the inn, they encountered Miss Sandbrook, attired, as yesterday, in walking costume.

"Is that you, Mr. Blake?" was her greeting. "I am very glad to see you, as I want cheering sadly."

"You flatter me," said Lance, with a bow. "But first allow me to present to you my friend, Mr. Graham."

"I was just going to sit out in the garden," said Miss Sandbrook, when the introduction was accomplished. "Perhaps you will both accompany me? But first I have to fetch some letters from my room for the post. I will join you in a few moments."

Whilst waiting for Miss Sandbrook's reappearance, Lance could not refrain from asking his friend what he thought of her.

"Rather an unusual sort of person," said Herrick. "I never saw a face and figure so at variance."

But presently Miss Sandbrook emerged from the house, cutting short further comment.

"And now," said Lance, when they had all three seated themselves in the comfortable basket-chairs provided for chance visitors, "may I inquire the reason for this advanced stage of depression you alluded to just now?"

"Well," replied Miss Sandbrook, "to begin with, the house I went to see, instead of being a mile from here, as I was confidently informed, was three at the very least. Secondly, when I did get there, I found that it was not to be let at all; there had been some mistake. Thirdly, coming back I met an enormous drove of cows, and, as I dread and detest the very sight of a cow, I turned into the woods to avoid them. Finally, I lost my way—and also my temper."

Both Lance and his friend smiled, and offered condolences, and while the conversation continued, the artist drew his sketch-book and began sketching rapidly.

"There, Miss Sandbrook, look at that and tell me if you can take the slightest exception to it!" said Lance, handing her the finished drawing.

In much amusement she examined it carefully. It represented a profile view, as Lance had first beheld it in the coffee-room.

"Very clever, indeed," she remarked, "and quite the best and most successful portrait I have ever had taken. Mr. Blake, you are a genius! May I be permitted to look at some of your other productions?"

As she turned over the pages, Herrick, looking at his watch, announced that he must be going.

Lance was about to reply when a sharp sound—something between a cry and a moan—caused both friends to turn suddenly. Miss Sandbrook had risen to her feet, the sketch-book still grasped in her hand, apparently in uncontrollable agitation.

"I am so sorry! I fear I must have startled you," she said in a voice which, in spite of her evident effort to control, still trembled, while her lips were almost as white as her face. "It is nothing"—in answer to their concerned inquiries—"only a sudden pain I am subject to at times. I am all right again now."

"Rather a severe one, I fear," said Herrick, kindly. "Have you any remedy by you, or can I prescribe one for you?"

"Oh, no; thank you very much!" she answered hurriedly, steadying herself with a desperate effort. "It was but a passing seizure. I was foolish to exclaim. It is quite gone, I assure you."

Herrick, seeing that her wish for no further inquiries was genuine, forebore to pursue them, and then, with a cordial good-by, took his leave.

Miss Sandbrook resumed her inspection of Lance's book, whilst he lighted a fresh cigarette.

"Mr. Blake," she said presently, "in looking through your book, I find one face which attracts me very much. If the question is not an impertinent one, may I ask you to tell me whose it is?"

"Certainly!" responded Lance, albeit much surprised. "I assure you that my book contains no secrets whatever, either of my heart or my conscience. Which is the one you allude to?"

"This," she replied, handing him as she spoke the sketch-book.

Lance glanced at the page indicated and felt as if he had suddenly received an electric shock. It was the portrait he had drawn of his fairy princess.

"Well," said Miss Sandbrook, as Lance did not immediately speak, "who is it?"

"The fact is," he answered, with rather an awkward laugh, "you have asked me just the one question I cannot answer. It sounds very extraordinary, I am afraid, but I have not the slightest idea what the name of the owner of this very lovely face is."

"But I don't understand," said Miss Sandbrook, and, to Lance's surprise, symptoms of agitation again began to show themselves in her manner. "Do you mean that it is a copy of a portrait? Even then it is most strange——" She suddenly checked herself, with a look of annoyance, and was silent.

A new inspiration came to Lance as he noted this. She knows it, he thought delightedly.

"No; it was drawn from life," he answered, looking, as he spoke, steadily at her.

"Impossible!" she exclaimed. "That is, I mean you were able perhaps to carry it in your memory for some time, as your friend told me you can?"

"No," he answered, still steadily regarding her; "that portrait is a sketch of a lady that I met only the day before yesterday in the grounds of Carisforth."

Though he expected to astonish his companion, he was in no way prepared for the effect which these words produced upon her. She started from her seat and stood gazing at him with wild eyes and quivering lips, through which her breath came in quick gasps. The veil, so long closed, was torn aside.

"You did not! You could not have done so!" she panted. "No; though indeed if any one's ghost might haunt——" And then she broke off abruptly, in evident confusion.

"Ghost!" Again that grewsome association with his beautiful princess. Lance recalled with a pang the recollection of Mr. Gapp's words and his extraordinary behavior. What could this hateful mystery mean? But this time it must and should be fully explained.

"Miss Sandbrook," he said, advancing and placing himself directly before her, "you have said too much, and at the same time too little, for this matter to be left without our coming to a thorough explanation of it. Already the question of this same lady's identity has been the source of some perplexity to me. I must ask you to tell me plainly who it is you recognize in my sketch. I think in some measure we understand each other. Do not hesitate to trust me, I beg."

As he expected, the touch of firmness in him reacted upon his companion, who braced herself to respond to it.

"You are right," she answered in a calmer tone; "and it is really important to me—far more so than you can possibly imagine—that this matter should be cleared up at once. I did recognize in the portrait a likeness to a very dear friend of mine, whose name you are already acquainted with—that of my friend Geraldine Carisforth."

It was Lance's turn to be agitated.

"Geraldine Carisforth!" he repeated, aghast. "But she has been dead for some years!"

"Even so," answered Miss Sandbrook—her manner was calmer now, but a dull-red spot still burned in either sallow cheek—"I can only repeat that portrait is the exact likeness of her. At present it is a mystery, and one that can only be fathomed when I can stand face to face with the original of that sketch. Until then I cannot—dare not think what it may mean. Although I have never been a believer in supernatural visitations, Geraldine Carisforth's most bitter wrongs might well keep her spirit from reposing in its dishonored grave."

"How strange—how very strange," Lance said, "that you should have been her friend!"

"Yes," she responded, with a note of intense bitterness in her voice, "I was Geraldine Carisforth's friend—the only one she had in this cruel and wicked world of ours."

Then Lance began to understand.

"I know you now!" he cried in intense excitement. "You are—you must be the friend to whom she went. Tell me, was not your name once Hilary Le Crew?"

Miss Sandbrook started as if a shot had struck her.

"Hilary Le Crew!" she repeated. "In Heaven's name, Mr. Blake, where and how did you hear that name?"

"I entreat you first to tell me if I am not right," cried Lance. "Believe me, more depends on your answer than you can imagine."

"You are right," she answered. "I was—I am Hilary Le Crew."

"I was certain of it!" said Lance in triumph. "But is it possible you do not know that you have been searched and advertised for until all hope of finding you seemed vain?"

"Who has searched for me?" she demanded. "What can be the meaning of this interest in me?"

"That, I begin to think, is not for me to explain," said Lance; "it is my friend Mr. Graham, who has just left us, Miss Sandbrook, who must do that; and I beseech you to wait till then. I will let him know with all possible speed of this discovery. It is only chance that has led to my knowledge of his long search."

Miss Sandbrook looked straight at Lance as he paused.

"No, Mr. Blake," she said solemnly, "I see now it was not chance that threw you and me together in this place during yesterday's storm."

Half an hour later Miss Sandbrook and Lance stood at the door of the roomy, creeper-covered cottage where Mr. Carew had a temporary lodging; and Herrick, much to his surprise, was presently informed by the small servant who waited upon them that a lady and gentleman wished to see him at once.

Proceeding to the little room on the ground floor where he sat and wrote when alone, he found himself confronted with the very two people he had not long since parted from.

Lance, who, to use his own expression, never "beat about the bush," went straight to the point now at once.

"Jack," was his greeting, "I have come to tell you that whilst you have been seeking I have found. This," indicating his companion, "is Miss Hilary Le Crew."

Then together they told their story—how Miss Sandbrook had recognised the sketch, and Lance had thereby discovered her own identity.

As a rule it was unusual for Herrick to show any emotion, but it was evident that those two extraordinary discoveries, so rapidly succeeding each other, had affected him in no small degree.

"I must tell Mr. Carew this as soon as possible," were his first words, "and as carefully as I can. For although I think that the relief from the long strain will be most beneficial to him, in his present condition I must guard against too much excitement."

"Mr. Graham," said Miss Sandbrook, "I have waited so far in patience, at your friend's earnest request, but now I must ask you to tell me, without further delay, who is Mr. Carew, and what is his interest in me and also in my friend Mrs. Carisforth?"

"I will," responded Herrick, and then proceeded to relate in almost the same words the curious series of events, as told to Lance that same afternoon, which had led to Mr. Carew's and his own interest in finding her.

With her inscrutable, pale face set like a mask, Miss Sandbrook sat and listened in silence. Once only she interrupted him, and that was when he came to allude to those doubts as to his wife's guilt which at the last had so strongly affected Lionel Carisforth.

"And what first caused those?" she suddenly asked, with most eager earnestness.

"That I cannot tell you," answered Herrick. "Mr. Carew may know, but if he does it is the one thing he has not confided to me. From what he has said I feel certain that Mr. Carisforth not only doubted her guilt, but was in some way convinced of his wife's innocence."

It was then that this strange woman revealed something more of her nature.

"My prayers were answered," she said in a low tone of intense feeling, "and I did not misread Heaven's message!"

So solemn were her words and tone that both Lance and Herrick felt much moved, and for a while there was silence in the room. Then Herrick proceeded with his story, bringing in such details as he thought would prove interesting.

CHAPTER IX.

AN EXPLANATION is due you both," Miss Sandbrook said, when Herrick had finished his narrative. "My real name is Hilary Sandbrook Le Crew. I had an eccentric greataunt and godmother, whose name was Helena Sandbrook. She was so angry at my choosing the stage as a profession that she desired me never again to communicate with her under any pretext whatever. Judge, then, of my surprise when, very shortly after the death of Mrs. Carisforth, I received a letter from my aunt's solicitors informing me that she had died, leaving me all she possessed, a comfortable income, on two conditions. One was that I should quit the stage forever; the other that I should in future be known only by the name of Helena Sandbrook. I had by that time begun to weary of hard work, scanty pay, and sordid associations of stage life. Moreover, my health had begun to show symptoms of breaking down. I had had little since Geraldine's death to connect me with the life and name of Hilary Le Crew, so I consented. I might easily have noticed the name when advertised for in the newspapers, but I seldom or never look at them, and by this time there is scarcely any one connected with my past who would be likely to point it out to me. So that is how your search for me failed."

"But, Miss Sandbrook," said Herrick, "there is one thing I cannot—pardon me—yet fully understand. Did you make no attempt to communicate with Mr. Carisforth at the time his wife came to you, and assure him of her innocence?"

An expression of intense bitterness flashed into her face and she clenched her hand convulsively at these words.

"Did I not?" she said in a low voice of intense emotion. "Oh, Mr. Graham, do you think I would have left untried one chance to establish my friend's innocence? But it is impossible to explain here. To understand fully and entirely what happened at that time it is better that you should read what is written here."

As she spoke she held out to Herrick a small package wrapped in paper and secured with seals.

"In that book," she continued, "I have written down, exactly as they occurred, not only the events of that terrible time, but also those which preceded it. Read them, Mr. Graham, and you, too, Mr. Blake, for then, and then only, will you fully understand and know the real truth of my unfortunate friend's most unhappy story."

So saying she arose; but Lance, detaining her a moment, asked Herrick if he had come to any conclusion respecting the lady he had met in the grounds of Carisforth, in whom Miss Sandbrook had recognized such a striking likeness to her friend, reminding him at the same time of Mr. Gapp's extraordinary behavior and remarks on being questioned concerning her.

"It is certainly very strange," Herrick remarked—"indeed, most unaccountable. Evidently the man firmly believed that you had seen some apparation, but why he should is more than I can understand. For one thing, it seems certain now, that the day you first visited Carisforth no other people were given admittance to the grounds, so that this lady could not have been any chance visitor, as we at first imagined."

"I must see her," said Miss Sandbrook, decisively. "By some means it must be accomplished. Until I can meet her face to face, I will hazard no conjecture as to who she may be."

"I must see her again, too," said Lance, "and what's more, I will! I have never been baffled before in my life, and I am not going to be baffled now. I will know for certain if she is a ghost or not before I have done. Jack, we are invited there again tomorrow, don't forget. That will give me a chance."

"You thought that today," said Herrick, with a smile, "but you did not know you would have Denzil Carisforth to reckon with first. It strikes me that it will need all our powers of ingenuity to outwit him."

"I did it once," said Miss Sandbrook, "as you will read there"—pointing as she spoke to the book which Herrick had taken from her.

"And I will do it again!" said Lance, determinedly.

Early the next morning Miss Sandbrook was the recipient of the following note from Herrick:

"Dear Miss Sandbrook:—I have told Mr. Carew everything. He has also read your story of the past. Far from harming him, it seems to have done him untold good. He is now most anxious to have an interview with you. As he is unable to come to see you, will you be so kind as to come and see him tomorrow morning at eleven o'clock? Yours very truly, HERRICK GRAHAM."

* * *

This was the story which, late on the preceding night, Herrick, with breathless interest, had read in the thin, morocco book which Miss Sandbrook had

Read the fine war story in this issue, "His Human Passport." Look out next week for "The Count's Revenge; or, An Eye for an Eye," to be followed by two great stories, "Hold-Up vs. Hold-Out; or, The Eyes of Love," and a thrilling boys' story of circus life, "From Ring to Ridge-Pole."

delivered into his hands, and which he now sent to Lance:

"I am going to write down here, while they are fresh in my memory, the details of the terrible events of the last three weeks—those weeks since the dreadful day when my darling Geraldine, my poor murdered girl, came to me.

"I do this for two reasons—first, because of the hope I yet cherish that her husband may recover from his madness and consent but to listen to my story; secondly, because, if that event is long delayed, I dread lest an illness or accident might affect or deprive me of my memory, and so prevent me, the sole witness as to her innocence, from proving the same when the time may come, as I firmly believe it will, for justice to be done, albeit only to her memory. This, alas, is now the sole aim and hope of my otherwise empty existence.

"For four years Geraldine and I worked, each in her own widely different sphere, meeting but seldom, but corresponding always with unfailing regularity. Those years had opened my eyes to the unreality of my rose-colored dreams of an actress' life; but I had gained some measure of success and was doing fairly well when Geraldine, who for a year past had been teaching school at Hillington, wrote me the wonderful news of her approaching marriage to Mr. Carisforth.

"To our mutual surprise and grief, Mr. Carisforth objected to her friendship with an actress. Although I believe him to have been—and this in spite of after events—a man of kindly feeling and disposition, he was deeply imbued with the narrow ideas of an isolated country circle. An actress could not be invited to Carisforth.

"They were married, and beyond the natural sorrow of our separation, it was easy to see that Geraldine was entirely and serenely happy. But, alas, on the bright horizon a little cloud began after a while to show itself—the same that was afterward to develop into the fearful tempest that ruined both the lives and happiness of her husband and herself!

"Denzil Carisforth, her husband's cousin, a man some fifteen years his junior, had seen and admired Geraldine soon after her arrival in Hillington, and from the first had persecuted her with attentions, which were most unwelcome. Utterly distasteful in themselves, they had created disagreeable comment upon her in the village, though she had always firmly and steadily repulsed them. When her engagement to his cousin took place, his rage and disappointment were simply unbounded, for not only his love, but his ambition, also, was thereby thwarted. Mr. Carisforth had been so long a bachelor, that Denzil had confidently reckoned on inheriting his estate; so that the blow was a doubly severe one.

"In his ungovernable and vindictive passion he went so far as to threaten Geraldine with revenge, which, alas, he only too well accomplished! It was not long after the birth of her little daughter that the dark thread began to weave itself in the brightness of Geraldine's existence. Denzil, between whom and her husband a great affection apparently existed, spent a good portion of his time at Carisforth. By degrees, little by little, he thoroughly disturbed her tranquillity—first by mere looks, which yet were an insult, then by threats and words of insolent admiration and love.

"Her dread and abhorrence of him were beginning to affect her health. Hitherto she had never breathed a word on the subject to her husband. A dread of sowing dissension between them, a natural shrinking from a hateful subject, and a feeling that she had already innocently been the means of marring Denzil's future prospects had hitherto deterred her from doing so—wrongly, as it afterwards appeared, as a word then might have saved her.

"She determined now to put these feelings aside and tell her husband all. But one evening Mr. Carisforth had retired to rest early with a severe headache, and afterwards a feverish attack kept him confined to his bed and precluded for a while any communication of an agitating nature. The opportunity was gone, never to return.

"One evening late in September—I was playing then in a near-by town—I returned to my rooms for my usual five o'clock meal to be informed that a lady was waiting to see me. Wondering much who this unwonted visitor could be, I ran quickly upstairs and into my room, where I stood dumfounded. On the rickety little horsehair sofa an infant lay fast asleep, and kneeling by its side, in an attitude expressive of utter prostration, was Geraldine.

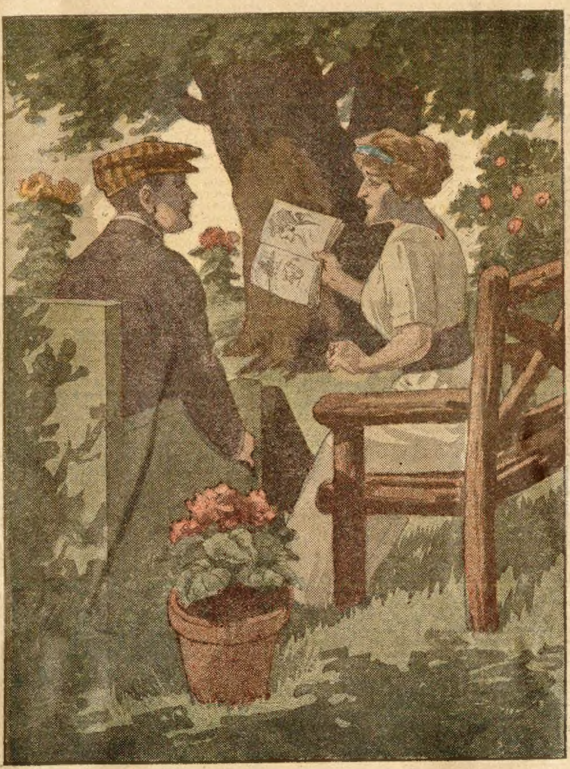
"She sprang to her feet at my entrance and faced me, and for a moment my senses reeled. Could this be Geraldine—this white, haggard woman, the ghost of her former brilliant self, with wild eyes and disordered aspect? Then, with a sobbing cry, she had flown into my arms, moaning feebly:

"'Hilary—oh, Hilary, my heart is broken!'

"I sank on my knees and held the poor, crushed, weeping form to my heart, and for some time neither of us spoke. Mad with anxiety and fear as I was, I felt I dared not ask a question. In her own words, and at her own time, must my darling tell her story, which I longed feverishly, yet dreaded, to hear. It came at length after I had in despair risen and fetched some brandy, a few drops of which I put between her white lips; then she revived a little and by degrees told me all.

"Yes, all that shameful, maddening story. Let me relate it here word for word as calmly and clearly as I am able.

"The day before, Mr. Carisforth had received, somewhat to his surprise, a letter from a friend who lived some miles distant, asking him to dine and sleep that night at his house. He was rather unwilling to go, especially as that same evening most of the servants were going to a ball in the neighborhood. But the friend was somewhat urgent, saying he wished to see him on business of some importance. He departed, therefore, and Geraldine was left alone.



''Who is it? '

"She had seen her baby conducted through the lengthy process of being undressed and put to bed, dined in solitary state, and then, not caring for the empty spaciousness of the drawing-room, retired early to her own particular sanctum upstairs, and, changing her evening gown for a light wrapper, for the night was warm and close, sat down to read. There was only one window in the room, but that was a French one, which opened its glass doors onto a small balcony, where she sometimes sat under an awning, there being just space enough for two or three chairs. One of these glass doors, on account of the closeness of the evening, was wide open, and presently Geraldine, who had her back to it, heard a slight sound as of a movement outside on the balcony. She rose from her seat and stood hesitating a moment, her heart beating rather quicker than usual, when Denzil Carisforth walked through the glass door and stood before her.

"The horror of seeing him there in her private apartment at that late hour and in her demi-toilette seized her like a hideous nightmare, and for a moment or two deprived her of the power of speech or movement. Before she could recover, with a swift movement he had darted to the door of the room, locked it, and, placing the key in his pocket, folded his arms and stood still, regarding her with a malignant smile.

"'Denzil,' at length she found voice to utter, 'are you mad? How dare you come here into my private room? Leave it at once, or I will ring for assistance! What does this insult mean?'

"'It means that at length I have you completely in my power,' he answered, with a malicious laugh. 'Geraldine, we are alone together, and there are one or two things I have to say to you to which you must and shall listen!'

"'I will not!' she cried, wild with terror and hatred of his presence. 'I have borne too much already from your cruel and wicked persecution. Unlock the door this instant and release me from your hateful presence!'

"'Not until you have heard what I have come to say,' he answered mockingly. Come, be sensible and listen quietly. You cannot escape me now.'

"But, frantic with fear, she rallied all her strength, and was rushing to the bell-rope, when with a swift movement he was before her, and, leaping on a chair, had detached the silken rope and flung it aside. Then with a bound he seized her in his arms and held her tightly while he pressed kiss after kiss on her lips and cheek and brow.

"She writhed and moaned in an agony of shame and horror, but was powerless to release herself from his strong hold, when suddenly there was a sound from without in the passage of a hurried footstep, the handle of the door was violently turned and shaken, and a voice, which in spite of its unfamiliar tone she recognized with joy untold, demanded instant admittance. It was the voice of her husband, Lionel Carisforth.

"With a sobbing cry of joy and relief, Geraldine tore herself from Denzil's now loosened hold, and, flying to the door, crouched trembling there, too spent with emotion to do more for a moment than gasp hysterically, 'Lionel, Lionel, save me!' till again those stern tones sounded without:

"'Open the door or I will break it down!'

"It was then that, springing to her feet, she flew to Denzil's side, and forgetting all else in her extremity, clutched his arm, and in frenzied accents demanded:

"'The key—the key! Quick! Give me the key!'

"For one moment Denzil gazed into her face with a look which even in her state of terrible agitation struck her with some unknown and strange meaning. Then, taking the key from his pocket, he flung it on the floor, saying between his set teeth:

"'Take it, and the consequences!'

"With only the one thought in her mind of deliverance from her intolerable position, it never even occurred to Geraldine what construction her husband might possibly place on the presence there of his cousin; nor did she give one thought to the suggestion that in the same way that Denzil had gained admittance to her room so might he, had he wished, have left it without being detected. She seized the key and, unlocking the door, would have flown into her husband's arms, but there was that in his look that not only checked her, but froze the very blood in her veins.

"For it was a changed Lionel that entered now into the room, and, closing the door behind him, gazed with haggard, stony eyes upon the two before him—a man who seemed to have aged by ten years.

"'Lionel, what is it? Why do you look at me like that?' Geraldine cried in an agony of dread. 'Speak, for pity's sake! Surely you do not blame me? Oh, if you knew all I have suffered——"

"'Silence!' he answered, sternly. 'I want no explanations—these are useless. There are some situations which need none. You whom I thought so good, so pure! Oh, how utterly I have been duped! My wife and my cousin, my best and truest friends, as I fondly imagined. You, Denzil!'

"'Stop, Lionel!' cried Geraldine, wildly. 'You do not—cannot believe that I am guilty—I, who love you so dearly, so truly! I am innocent—true and faithful to you in every thought of my heart! Denzil, speak! Tell him the truth—how you forced your way in here tonight and held me a prisoner. If you have a spark of manhood in you, set me right with my husband. I entreat—I command you!'

"But with folded arms Denzil stood silent.

"Of all that such silence might mean for her, Geraldine, even yet, was not altogether conscious, yet an awful, indefinable fear arose in her heart as she waited in an agony of impatience for the words which, in spite of her demand, remained unspoken.

"'Your lover is less fertile of resource, you see,' said Lionel, with a sneer. 'He is not yet ready with his tale. Innocent!' he broke out fiercely. 'Which of you claims the credit for the admirably arranged plan to get the too confiding husband safely out of the way tonight on a fool's errand to a friend who denies all knowledge of the letter of invitation? Was it the woman or the man? The former, I am inclined to think. Women are always best at falsehood.'

"'No; his work—his!' cried Geraldine, pointing to Denzil. 'Your work, villain, to ruin me in my husband's eyes! Oh, Lionel, Lionel,' she sobbed, throwing herself at his feet, 'if you only knew all I have suffered from him—if you would only listen! I entreat you to hear me, for the sake of our child, our innocent little child——'

"'I can hear nothing from your false lips,' Lionel said. 'You, upon whose faith and purity I would have staked my very life, have betrayed, disgraced, dishonored me. My faith is gone forever—my very heart seems dead. Go! I will never willingly look upon your false face again. I have no wife, no child!'

"And then a deadly feeling of faintness seized her, and she knew no more.

"So was my unhappy friend's ruin complete, for no appeal would avail with Lionel against the overwhelming evidence of Denzil's wicked silence. It had evidently been a plot from the very beginning. The forged letter to her husband on the night of the servants' absence, the artfully planned entrance from the window, the diabolical calculation as to the hour of Lionel's return, showed the full purpose of a most bitter and relentless enemy.

"Then, alone in her agony, ignorant and helpless, did the poor girl put the one finishing stroke to her own doom. She fled from Carisforth the next day, taking her child with her.

"Her husband had repudiated them both and driven her from his presence. The servants looked askance upon her. I was the one friend in all the world to whom she knew she could safely turn, so she came to me at Waterloo, where she knew me to be then playing.

"Too proud to touch any of the money with which her purse was always filled, she had taken from its place of safety a little sum of one hundred dollars, her own savings in her days of teaching, lovingly hoarded for her little daughter, and now begged me if I could give them shelter for a few days until she could decide what to do. Fortunately, I was able to obtain a room for her in the same house, and now begged her to try to take some food and then the rest she so much needed, for I was fearful of the effect upon her health of all she had suffered; indeed, she gave me then the appearance of one with whom a serious illness was imminent.

"In three-quarters of an hour I was due at the theater; I dared not fail to appear there. I urged her, therefore, to rest for a while, promising that as soon as possible I would return to her. Fortunately, as the adventuress whom I was representing in the piece that night was killed off in the second act, I should be able to leave the theater at half-past nine at the latest. So we parted.

"My performance that night must have been accomplished by mere force of mechanical habit. Geraldine, her pitiful story, her altered looks, her probable future—these thoughts surged in my brain and filled my mind with the acutest suffering I had ever yet known, besides which I was possessed with a haunting, feverish desire to get back to her, which made the minutes seem like hours. Till at length, dreading I knew not what, I hastened with all the speed I could back to my lodgings.

"On opening the door of my room I was amazed to hear a man's voice speaking within. Before leaving I had drawn a screen in front of the door in order to make it more private, and this com-

(Continued on page seventeen.)

A Triple Mystery

Or, Longman's Test Case

By Charles Morris Butler

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CHAPTER IV.

THE TRIAL OF ANTONIO.

IT WAS a lucky thing for Longman that Conductor Bernstein was overseeing the alighting of passengers. He was an experienced railroader and a quick thinker.

Before anything further happened to the fallen detective, the conductor grabbed him by the shoulders and yanked him from the train, laying him, not over-carefully, on the station platform. At the same time he was whistling that peculiar call known to train crews, similar to the "Hey Rube!" of the tent show fraternity. Bernstein drew his revolver and pointed it at Antonio.

"Come on, I want you, Antonio!" he said.

"Why you want me?" asked the Italian innocently. The whole gang tried to appear quite surprised, shocked, and guiltless.

By this time Bernstein had help in the shape of the station agent, his brakeman and express messenger. Also the local watchman, who was promptly on the scene.

Longman, too, quickly recovered. In an instant, his mind was active. He saw Wharton standing close by, with an evil scowl on his face, and in a flash realized who was responsible for the outrage. But he held his temper.

"What's the matter?" asked Bartholdi, the watchman.

"An assault on a passenger by these guinny laborers!" said the conductor. "I want you to take Antonio in charge and lock him up!"

"I no do nothing!" pleaded the man.

"Well, I don't know if you did, but I know you run this bunch of guinnies and I am going to hold you, see! Take him in charge, officer."

"I will—I loosa mya job!" screamed the Italian, who was really scared.

"Well, you'll lose your job anyway, you d——d fool! Don't you know better than to get into a scrap while riding on a car? This man can sue the railroad company for damages, and get it, too. You know you work for the company, don't you?"

The man was like one in a daze—like one coming out of a trance. Longman saw Wharton snap his fingers in the air. The detective did not realize the full import until later. Then he understood.

The conductor turned to Longman.

"You want to make a formal charge against this man?"

"Let him be taken in custody. I want to have a talk with him alone," replied Longman, quietly. "Something back of this attack, and I'll sift it to the bottom."

Antonio tried to edge away. The watchman, who was an experienced officer, very dexterously slipped the handcuffs on the man. As the train pulled out, Antonio, followed by the whole gang of Italians, was being taken to the lockup.

Frank, accompanied by the station agent, was taken to the only hotel in town. He registered his name just below Wharton's and Rena De Wolfe's names and got a room next to Wharton's room. The blow he got did not hinder him from turning in and sleeping soundly until he was aroused by the ringing of the breakfast bell.

He hurriedly dressed and went down to the general washroom and cleaned up. He was rather late and sat down at the same table with the night clerk.

"Going to stay long?" asked the clerk.

"Don't expect to," replied Frank. "Just dropped in to try and sell Haynes a bill of goods. What kind of a place has he got?"

"Biggest in town. General merchandise. Traveler?"

"Kind of. Insurance bonds."

The clerk laughed. I don't think you can sell him. He's the agent for the Model Co. himelf."

"Just the kind of a prospect I want. Somebody who knows the goods when he sees it."

"How did you come to get into trouble with the Dagoes last night?"

"I have my suspicions that it was a put-up job."

"Black Hand?"

"No, just spite. Wharton down yet?"

"You mean the mind-reader?"

"Yes."

"Sure, he's got the town billed by now. Big show tonight at the Opera House. Say, that wife of his is some mind-reader, believe me. Isn't he something of a hypnotist too?"

"So I understand. He's a Svengali enough to hypnotize this whole town. Some card player, too. I believe he can see right through the backs. Made a clean-up here two weeks ago. Henry Haynes, son of W. T., lost over five hundred plunks. God knows how many more boys went broke."

"A dangerous character," replied Frank. "Still, I don't think he uses hypnotism in his playing. From my experience with him, I think he uses his fingers. He is something of a sleight of hand performer, isn't he?'

"You bet, he's some artist that way! He calls himself the 'Magician Hypnotist'."

"Whom did he ever hypnotize?" asked Frank suddenly.

"Oh! He had a half-dozen kids on the stage with him one night. Some of them were not put under the influence. Just dummies."

"Was Haynes' son one of them?"

"No! Some of the low riff-raff. He had several Italians hypnotized for fair, though. That Italian section boss was one of them. He had him going for fair!"

"In way what?"

"Made him jump over a chair, fish out of a pail, sing an Italian song. All that kind of stuff."

This conversation started Frank Longman to thinking very seriously. He asked himself quite a few questions. He knew, or rather felt, that Wharton was a thief. The gutting out of the contents of the wallet on the train showed him that much. That he was a gambler, and one not averse to cheating, was another positive fact. But he was not satisfied that he had anything to do with the robbing of Haynes. "Could a man like Wharton hypnotize a man like Antonio and make him pick a fight with an inoffensive stranger?"

Scientists will not admit that such a condition can be brought about. They do not recognize hypnotism as a science. Law does not recognize it, though it is an evident fact that there is more than a basis for the belief that a man of strong will can dominate a weaker one. "How can this be proven, if true?" It requires more than circumstantial, or rather suppository, evidence to convict a man of crime. There must be something tangible—more probable, if not more possible.

That Antonio and Wharton were mixed up, was possible, but not probable, unless it could be proved that Antonio had been bribed by Wharton—that would make it probable. Anyhow he would see Antonio.

After breakfast, Longman and the clerk adjourned to the office and general lounging-room.

"Many strangers in town lately?" asked the detective, as he bought a cigar at the counter and treated the clerk to a smoke.

"Who do you mean, strangers?" asked the clerk.

"Well, show people; circus, tent show or any persons who appear to have nothing particular to do."

"I don't see the drift. Bordenville had a circus there last week. Of course, advance agents billed this town pretty heavy and we ran excursions to the city for the big show. Four advance people stayed over here for a night. Then Wharton and De Wolfe gave an entertainment. The railroad company are putting in sidings all the way from Lewiston to Kaslovia. The construction gang carry their own cars for sleeping purposes, also tents, etc., which does not help our hotel business any. We were filled up, though, at that."

"You don't entertain many people then?"

"We have our regular trade. Drummers who get in in the morning, stay for dinner; those in the night have to stay over. Then we have a traveling dentist stop over with us off and on for a week or so at a time. There has been a land speculator here for about a month, trying to get the people to establish a sanitarium here. You know we have a natural spring here? The water is very good as a cure for kidney trouble."

"No, I did not. Not a very exciting place, is it? Ever make any arrests?"

"Few. A drunk or so, who smuggled in stuff and ran wild. Say! if you don't get over and see Judge Shanley, Antonio and his gang will be discharged for want of prosecution. You know the judge is the corporation lawyer, and won't hold up the railroad work unless he has to."

"Thanks, awfully, old man, for your tip. Where do I find the jail?"

"Back of the postoffice. The judge has his courtroom on the top floor."

"I'll go over right away."

As Longman passed the depot, he saw several of the Italian laborers sitting on the platform jabbering away in great excitement. The station agent was at his post near his telegraph instrument. A wise inspiration came to Frank. He approached the telegraph office and wrote a message to Inspector Shea:

"Have you any information concerning Ralph Wharton or Rene De Wolfe, theatrical people?
"FRANK LONGMAN."

As he turned to leave the depot, he saw a notice pasted on the wall:

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS
REWARD.
Lost. Either on train No. 51 or after alighting in Lewiston, wallet containing large sum of money and important papers. Leave at Haynes' store and receive reward.
GREGORY SMITHSON.

"Say, are you the man who had the argument with the Italians this morning?" asked the telegraph operator.

"The same. Why?" asked Frank.

"You want to be careful of those guinnies. They are a bad lot. If they catch you alone, they are likely to knife you in the back!"

"Thanks for your warning, old man. But what makes you think so?"

"The kid who helps me put up the railroad lights is an Italian. He put me wise. This gang is sore because Antonio is in jail and can't put them to work. You see, they are a new lot and have never worked on the railroad as yet. They'd as soon knife you as eat."

"I'll watch them. They won't get me twice. The first time I wasn't prepared —this time I will be. Where will I find a policeman?"

"Over in the jail with Antonio. It wouldn't surprise me if the gang would try and help Antonio escape."

"Has the superintendent of construction been notified of the arrest?"

"I suppose Bernstein has made his report. Undoubtedly there will be some one down from the camp this side of Vaughnton to look into the matter and take charge of the men."

"How would you like to earn part of that one hundred dollars reward?" asked Frank.

"Wouldn't I? Say, do you know anything about that money lost?" asked the man eagerly.

"I don't know whether I do or not," replied the detective. "But I've got a suspicion. Can you keep your mouth shut?"

"Mum as a clam!"

Then Frank threw open his coat, showing his star. He was facing the door as he did so. He failed to see Wharton across the street, because he was too busy buttoning his coat afterwards. But Wharton's eyes were good and he saw the glimmer of metal and knew what it was. His suspicions were verified. He hurried over to the courtroom.

"You are a detective!" exclaimed the operator.

"Yes," replied Frank, guardedly. "But I want you to keep your information to yourself. Now I want you to figure out about where No. 51 was at 10:32 last night. Then I want you to telegraph to the agent nearest that place and have him send some one down the track and see if he can't find Smithson's pocketbook for him. It will be empty. Then I want you to figure out where train No. 51 was at about 12 o'clock, and send some one out and see if they can't find some pieces of paper, checks, memorandums and such like scattered along the track. If anything is found, have them forwarded to you here. I know who got the money, all right. But I've got to prove it first. You do your share and I'll divide up."

"I'm on! Say, how do you know these things?"

"Oh! I'm a mind-reader."

"Good joke, that! But I'll do as you say."

Frank went over towards the postoffice. It was easy enough to find because there were quite a number of people standing in front of the building, or just coming out with letters and papers in their hands. And it was as easy to find the jail, which was on a side street just behind the postoffice.

The jail was a two-story brick building. The lower story contained two rooms, the windows of which were barred. Entrance was from a hallway which contained stairs leading to the upstairs, which was used as a courtroom. In front of the building were several spectators, a few of the Italians, and a man dressed in officer's clothes.

"Where will I find the judge?" asked Longman.

"Upstairs," replied the policeman. "Are you the man who got hit last night?"

"I am!"

"Well, you'll find the judge in bad humor. You should have been here before."

"It isn't ten o'clock yet. You don't hold court before that, do you?"

"Anytime the judge wants to. He wanted to go down to Chicago on the eleven o'clock train. You'll find Patrolman Bartholdi upstairs with the prisoner."

Frank entered the building, quickly climbed the stairs to the top. It was dark and gloomy in the corridor and he had to grope his way along until he saw a partially open door through which a glimmer of light was seen. He opened the door and entered the courtroom.

The court was evidently in session. The judge was on his bench. Standing within the railing was Bartholdi, the watchman, and Antonio, the section boss.

The room was full of spectators, among which was Wharton. This gentleman glared at Frank with deadly hate. His piercing eyes snapped fire. He stood in such a position that he could look Antonio directly in the eye.

"Is this the man who is to prefer charges?" asked the judge in an irritated tone.

Longman nodded, "Yes."

"You are late!" snapped the judge. "I have opened this case. I don't see how you can hold this man!"

Longman gasped. He had been up against justice-of-the-peace methods and saw at once that he was up before a biased politician.

"Your honor, you haven't heard my side of the story."

"Bailiff, swear this man."

The oath was administered.

"Make your complaint. Be quick, please! I am in a hurry, and have wasted too much time already."

"As I was preparing to leave the car this man struck me!" said Frank, quietly. He knew that it was useless to go into details.

"He says that you tried to push your way through the crowd, and fell."

"He is not telling the truth. He deliberately hit me. Why, I don't know."

"He said that you were drunk."

"He is mistaken. I was not drunk, neither had I been drinking."

"Have you any witnesses to the assault, as you term it?"

"I don't know whether this officer saw the blow struck or not. I am sure the conductor did. It was he who placed this man, Antonio, in charge. The railroad is making this arrest, I am given to understand."

"So?" said the judge.

"Certainly," replied Longman, fighting the case with the judge's own weapon. "I was assaulted on railroad property by a railroad employe."

"This puts a different aspect on the case," replied the judge.

"I no hitta the man," replied Antonio, doggedly.

"May I be sworn?" asked Wharton, stepping forward. "I saw the accident."

Wharton realized that something had to be done to turn the tide in favor of his accomplice, so he hurled a bomb into Longman's camp. After being sworn, he said:

"What the Italian says is true. This

LIGHT BOOZE

Do You Drink It?

A minister's wife had quite a tussle with coffee and her experience is interesting. She says:

"During the two years of my training as a nurse, while on night duty, I became addicted to coffee drinking. Between midnight and four in the morning, when the patients were asleep, there was little to do except make the rounds, and it was quite natural that I should want a hot cup of coffee about that time. I could keep awake better.

"After three or four years of coffee drinking I became a nervous wreck and thought that I simply could not live without my coffee. All this time I was subject to frequent bilious attacks sometimes so severe as to keep me in bed for several days.

"After being married, Husband begged me to leave off coffee for he feared that it had already hurt me almost beyond repair, so I resolved to make an effort to release myself from the hurtful habit.

"I began taking Postum and for a few days felt the languid, tired feeling from the lack of the coffee drug, but I liked the taste of Postum, and that answered for the breakfast beverage all right.

"Finally I began to feel clearer-headed and had steadier nerves. After a year's use of Postum I now feel like a new woman—have not had any bilious attacks since I left off coffee."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage **instantly.** 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.
—sold by Grocers.

man was drunk. I know it! I was standing on the platform waiting to get off the train, when I saw him try to push through the crowd. The Italians tried to get out of his way and he fell. Didn't anybody hit him or shove him!"

"This man is deliberately perjuring himself. It is false!"

"That will do, young man. Be careful what you say. I am of a mind to fine you for contempt of court. The case is dismissed. Release the prisoner. The court is adjourned!"

The crowd surged toward the doorway and Frank was carried on the tide. He saw Antonio grab Wharton's hand and say:

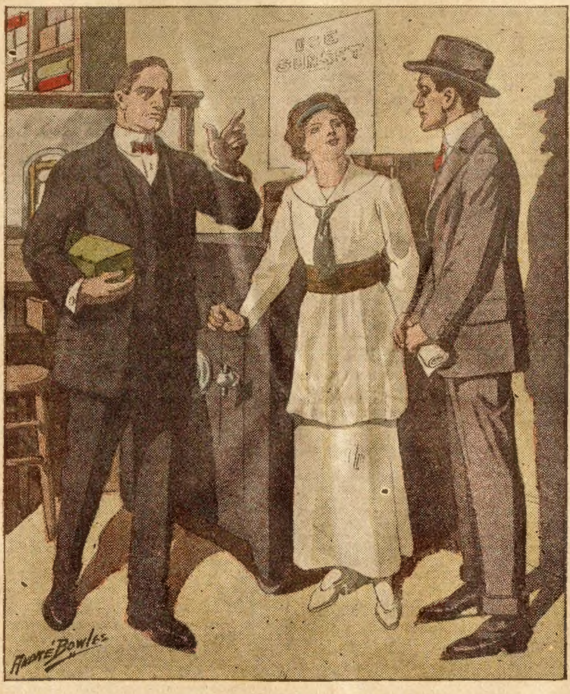
"You a gooda da man, Mester Wharton. I willa not forgetta da favor!"

Frank realized then and there that he would have to look out for a stab in the dark, not alone from Antonio and his gang, but from Wharton. Surely his little vacation in the country was going to be full of thrills and sensations. So far he had not even made one step in the direction of solving the triple mysteries. Was he going to make a failure of his first case?

CHAPTER V.

MYSTERY NUMBER ONE.

FROM the courtroom Longman retraced his steps to the postoffice. In front of the office he was joined by Bartholdi.



"That must be just what happened!"

"I want to talk to you a minute, officer," Longman said. The two drew apart from the crowd, who were awaiting the arrival of the mail train.

"Lest you form a wrong impression of me," resumed the detective, "I want to let you know who I am. I couldn't give the information to the judge, who, to say the least, was prejudiced in favor of the Italian. I am a city detective, down here by the advice of Sheriff Whitcomb."

"Do tell! And you are down here to investigate the robbery of Haynes' store?"

"Yes. And I want you to introduce me to Haynes. First I want to tell you something. Tis man Wharton, who testified for Antonio, is a crook. And he knows that I know it. I am satisfied that he stole Smithson's pocketbook, or rather that Rena De Wolfe did, and passed it to him. I'll have proof here by night. I won't want you to let him get away. It may be that he is mixed up with the Haynes' matter also. You had better put the day officer wise, too."

"Say, you don't suppose that Wharton put Antonio up to slugging you, do you?" asked Bartholdi. "I understand that you had some trouble with him on the car."

"By Jove, old man, I think that you have hit the nail on the head! I wonder I didn't think of this before. Sure he did. I think this man must suspect me, too, for what I am. This is going to make it hard for me to prove the goods on him. If he gets back to Chicago, I'll have hard work getting him back here."

"Why not have him arrested on suspicion? I can get the judge to commit him, now that I can explain who you are. It would be a feather in his cap to help him prosecute the robber of Smithson's money, especially as the robbery was committed on the railroad."

"Well, wait until after the show tonight. By that time I'll know more about the finding of some proofs I want. Let's get over to Haynes' store. If I stay over night, which may be possible, I want you to telegraph Sheriff Whitcomb that the man he sent for from Chicago is here and will stop over in Vaughnton tomorrow. Don't use any name, you understand, and don't tell the judge about the Haynes' robbery."

"Certainly," replied Bartholdi. He appeared to be quite pleased to be of service to Longman.

As the two walked down the street, they were the cynosure of all eyes. It seemed as though all Lewiston had turned out in parade. The news of Antonio's arrest and discharge had spread quickly. That, and the arrival of the mail train was such as to creat a furor. Many guesses were made as to Longman's identity. Only Wharton guessed that Frank was a detective. Such a thing as a detective was not dreamed of in this quiet village.

On the side-track near the depot now stood a work train waiting for the express to pass. On the flat cars were congregated all the new Italian laborers and many more. Longman saw Wharton leaning over a railing, which fenced off a board walk alongside of the railroad track, talking to Antonio. Wharton's eyes followed the detective.

Antonio said something to the gang nearest to him, and the whole crew gave a shout of defiance and ridicule aimed at Longman. As Frank turned, Wharton raised his hat, smiling sarcastically.

This little comedy reminded Frank very much of an audience hissing the stage villain, it was so uncalled for. It put him on his guard further, however, and he knew that there would be no mercy shown him if he ever fell into the gang's hands.

It was too bad that he did not realize to what extent they would go to place him at the mercy of this ignorant and unscrupulous gang. He might have been better prepared for what happened.

Longman and the watchman entered Haynes' store. It was a genuine country store with groceries on one side and dry goods on the other. A long line of tables and shelving down the center filled with notions and glassware. There was a woman clerk on the dry goods side, and a boy and man on the grocery side. Mr. Haynes was found in the rear of his store behind a little railing in his office, one end of which was a glass partition with a window labeled "Cashier, Pay checks here." Nearby was a small safe, in open view, only behind the railing.

Bartholdi introduced Longman, then whispered to Haynes in an undertone. Longman sized up the merchant with a critical eye as he shook hands. Haynes was about fifty years old, quite young in appearance, only a stray gray hair showing over his temples. Rather heavy-set, of the blond type, with smiling blue eyes. Clean-shaven and dressed in a plain business suit of blue, which showed marks of wear.

"I will show you through the store," said Mr. Haynes, "but I prefer not to talk over this matter in the presence of my clerks. So far they are ignorant of my loss, and I don't care to enlighten them."

"And if you will excuse me," said the officer, "I will leave you together. I will have to go home and rest up for my duty tonight. So far I have had no rest for eighteen hours."

"A good idea," said Longman, which was an answer to both statements.

Alone with Haynes, Longman sized up the lay of the store. The front was of glass, with double glass doors. The whole of the interior was visible from the outside. Back of the store proper was a storeroom, entrance through a single door. The storeroom had a rear door which was bolted on the inside. An encased stairway led from the storeroom to the living-rooms above. And near the cashier's window was a stairway leading to the basement, entrance to which was through a door bolted on the store side. The store was lit with artificial light, save what light came in from the front and one window from the top in the rear. The basement door was barred from the inside. Light for the basement was meager, four two-by-two windows, ironed and screened, more for ventilation than anything else. The safe was of the simplest type, a three-series combination, strong enough to resist fire and sneak thieves, but not one to trouble a genuine safe cracker, who could have picked the lock in five minutes; or failing that, drilled a hole and dynamited it in fifteen.

"If you have observed all you want to," said Mr. Haynes, "we will retire to the rooms above. I don't know what good will come of the investigation. You are aware, of course, that this event took place some time ago?"

"You can tell me about it. I am entirely in the dark at present," said Frank, as he took a seat in the parlor, overlooking the main street. He noticed that the construction gang was gone and that the street was quite deserted around the depot.

"There is not much to tell. It was about three weeks ago today that I received quite a large sum of money from the sale of some livestock on my farm a little way up the river. This money was paid me after banking hours, and consequently I had to keep it over night in the safe. In the morning when I came to look for it to bank it, it was gone. The safe was locked. Nothing seemed displaced."

"Who has the combination of the safe?"

"Myself and my daughter, who helps me with my books and acts as cashier on rush days and Saturdays."

"Hasn't your son the combination?"

"You evidently have heard of Henry?" said Mr. Haynes.

"Yes."

"Henry had it when he was with me, but since he has gone into business for himself, I have changed the numbers." Later Frank learned that this was untrue.

"You will pardon me, Mr. Haynes, I seem to be impertinent in my questions. You are sure your daughter did not take the money?"

"As sure as I am of myself."

"Are you equally sure of your help?"

"I have no reason to believe otherwise."

"You are satisfied that your safe was robbed, and by an outside thief?"

"Yes. I have no other theory."

While the two were talking a young lady entered the room.

Frank remained quiet. Mr. Haynes looked up smiling.

"Helen, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Longman, a detective from Chicago. You understand why he is here?"

"Certainly, father," and she bowed to Frank. "I'm glad to know you."

There was an embarrassing silence for a moment.

"You may speak before my daughter, sir," replied the father. "Helen understands the matter thoroughly. In fact it was her money that was stolen. The stock that I sold belonged part to her and part to her brother Henry. I had paid my son's share to him. Later I learned that he had gambled it away. You must know that my son is a wayward youth, unlike his sister here."

Helen had come and was sitting on the arm of her father's chair; she leaned on his shoulder, and he had his arm around her waist. They smiled at one another lovingly.

"As I was saying, I paid Henry his share and left Helen's in the safe. I closed the safe myself and locked the store in the usual way. In the morning the money was gone, and not a clew of any kind left behind. I found the safe locked——"

"How, in your judgment, could a thief enter your store?"

"Only from the front door. Even if he got into the basement he could not get into the store because the door is barred from the inside."

"Or, from the living-rooms?" suggested Frank.

"True, but hardly probable. To get to the store by the stairway from the hallway leading up from the street, that

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person would have to go through my sleeping-room."

"We will say then that the thief entered the store from the front. Did the lock look as though it had been tampered with?"

"Not in the least."

"And the safe did not look as if it had been tampered with?"

"Not a thing was misplaced."

"What was taken?"

"A roll of bills containing $480."

"Why do you say $480, father? There should have been $500."

"I'll explain about the $20 later. There was only $480."

"You miss nothing but this money? No checks or small currency of any kind?" asked Longman.

"That's the strange part of it," replied Mr. Haynes. "I had several checks and bills amounting to about $100 in one of the storage boxes and a sack containing about twenty dollars worth of silver in another box. Neither were locked! I can't understand why the robber didn't take everything!"

"Something of a riddle, I'll admit," replied the detective. "I think that I see a glimmer of light, though. You didn't know the people very intimately to whom you sold your stock, did you? They are not residents of this town?"

"No; I didn't know them intimately. Rielly & O'Farrell, liverymen, of Bordenville were the people."

"I thought so," said Longman.

"Why do you ask? And why do you say 'I thought so'?" asked Haynes.

"In the first place it is unusual to pay out a thousand dollars in money. If you knew these people, the chances are you would have been given a check. That you did not accept a check shows that these people did not belong in Lewiston."

"Your theory is correct. Now, what else?"

"This money was paid to you after banking hours. Isn't it a fact that you received this money while you stood in front of your safe? You counted it while these two men stood there, and while talking opened the safe door and placed the money inside?"

"Again your theory is correct.

"Now, just before you closed the safe, didn't Mr. Rielly or Mr. O'Farrell call your attention to something? You turned around to answer him? For a second your back was turned to the safe, and also your back was turned to either one of these men? Perhaps one or both of these men had a cane, or what looked like a cane, in his hand, and very deftly reached over and abstracted the package from the safe. Simple as A B C," replied Longman, quite pleased with his deduction.

"That must be just what happened, father!" exclaimed Miss Haynes excitedly."

"Calm yourself, my child. To a certain extent Mr. Longman is correct in his surmises. But your father is too old a bird to be caught by such means. And there was a third party present, Dr. Thompson, the dentist. He just dropped in to tell me that he was ready to finish my bridge-work, and wanted me to come over as soon as possible, so that he could move on to Vaughnton the next day. He was the one to distract my attention."

"I am satisfied that it was one of the three, then," responded Longman.

"It was that Dr. Thompson, I'm sure, dad! I never liked that man, there is something uncanny about him," said Helen.

"My dear Helen, you must not jump at conclusions. Mr. Longman is mistaken."

"Why are you so positive that I am mistaken?" asked the detective, somewhat nettled.

"Why? Because I handled the money after these three persons left! You forgot that I must have had the money in order to pay Henry his share. I counted out $500 and took it over to him before I went to supper. I wish that I had not, because then he would not have gambled it away. But then, I don't know, I would have lost that together with what I did lose, so what's the difference?"

"Somehow it seems to me that the solution of this mystery is simple. Wouldn't it have been possible that you left the safe open, that the money was stolen in the evening rather than during the night?" asked Longman.

"The money was in the safe when I closed the store at night," replied the merchant. "I will tell you why I am so positive. On this night we closed at seven o'clock. I personally superintended the locking of all the doors. I was extra cautious on account of the large sum of money involved. I checked up the accounts of the day, placing my checks and bills in a cash box kept for that purpose. In fact I made out the bank deposit slip, itemizing the cash and checks so that I could deposit it early in the morning. I had to meet a rather large draft for the shipment of goods coming in in the morning. I got ready to bank every cent I could scrape up, and only left in a canvas bag about $20 worth of change for emergency purposes. I locked all this money in the safe and went to lunch. After lunch I came downstairs and took $20 from the top of Helen's roll. See now why there was only $480 in it? I am equally positive that I closed the safe and when I went out the front door I locked the door after me. I noticed that the night lights were burning brightly and felt secure in leaving the store. We have a good watchman in Bartholdi and he patrols this square hourly, save when the trains are late and he is at the depot watching the arrival and departure of passengers and freight. He keeps his eyes open for beer and whisky shipments."

"What did you want $20 for, father?" asked Helen.

"To pay Dr. Thompson with, and I had to take your money or make out another deposit slip."

"I thought you had to come back after this money. Didn't I see you cutting across the square and entering the store? Didn't you come back and get the money and then pay Dr. Thompson?"

"No, I am sure that I took the money with me. He finished my teeth and I paid him for the job at once. I did not enter the store when I came home. Don't you remember, I saw you at the window and I came right upstairs?" returned Mr. Haynes.

"Well, we are right back where we started from," said Longman. "Here's another theory. After you went to bed, didn't you get to thinking rather seriously about the money in the safe? Then did you not go downstairs and remove the money to some other hiding place; for example, in the sugar barrel? Some place you felt sure no one would think of looking for it?"

"It wouldn't have been a bad idea if I had hidden the money somewhere," acknowledged Mr. Haynes. "I thought of it. But that's all I did. I dropped off to sleep and never woke up till daylight. Then it was too late, the money was gone!"

"Are you inclined to walk in your sleep?" asked Longman.

"Not that I am aware of," answered the merchant. "I am afraid that there is only one solution to this mystery. That is, that some expert burglar boldly entered the store from the front door and, by use of his superior knowledge of safe combinations, opened the safe and abstracted the money and made his escape."

"I would believe this too, now," responded the detective, "only it does not seem probable that a thief would be content with only securing a part of the booty he came to get. In other words, it does not look like the work of an expert safe cracker. I would advise you to institute a search for the money outside the safe. It may still be in the store. After securing the $20 you might have dropped the balance on the floor; kicked it under the safe or something of the kind."

"No, that doesn't seem possible. The money is gone, and that is all there is to it," replied Mr. Haynes. "But you can rest assured, Helen, that I shall make it up to you as fast as I can."

"You will do nothing of the kind, father. It was my money and it is my loss."

"Well, we will not quarrel about it at the present. It will come out all right in the end, I hope."

"I am at a loss to understand head or tail of this case," said Longman, arising from his seat. "I will have to admit that I see no clew that I can work upon at this time."

"Don't go away, Mr. Longman," said Helen, sweetly. "Dinner is about ready. Stay and have tea with us."

"I am stopping at the hotel," said Longman by way of apology.

"You won't get anything fit to eat down there," said Mr. Haynes, seconding his daughter's invitation. "You had best remain."

Longman did so, and afterwards was glad that he did.

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⁂

Congratulations.

A Polish couple came before a justice of the peace to be married. The young man handed him the marriage license, and the pair stood up before him.

"Join hands," said the justice.

They did so and the justice looked at the document, which authorized him to unite in matrimony Zacharewicz Perzynski and Leokowards Jeulinski.

"Ahem," he said. "Zacha-h'm-ski, do you take this woman," etc.

"Yes, sir," responded the young man.

"Yeo-h'm-h'm-ski, ~~do~~ you take this man to be," etc.

"Yes, sir," replied the woman.

"Then I pronounce you man and wife," said the justice, glad to find something he could pronounce, "and I heartily congratulate you both on having reduced those two names to one."

⁂

Susie's Latin.

"My daughter Susie is getting quite an excellent Latin scholar," said the proud father to a visitor. "Here is one of her exercise books, and you can look for yourself."

Susie blushed scarlet, and made a wild grab at the book. She was too late, and the delighted visitor read aloud to the company:

"Boyibus kissibus
Sweet girliorum;
Girlibus likibus,
Wanti somorum."

⁂

Wanted to Know.

The editor of the Evening Star was deeply engrossed in his work when he was suddenly interrupted by the office boy, who remarked:

"There's a tramp at the door, Mr. Hyde, and he says he ain't had nothin' to eat for six days."

"Fetch him in," said the editor. "If we can find out how he does it, we can run the paper for another week."

8
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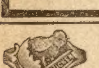

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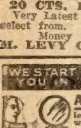

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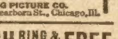

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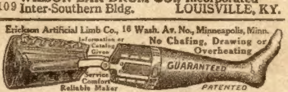
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His Human Passport

Or, In Europe's Great War

By Mason Ray

FROM the rear-view window of his rented room Jim Hoyle, would-be war correspondent, intently watched oddly moving shadows on the green shade of a distant third-story window across the court. Forms were passing two abreast, sabers lengthened from unseen scabbards, silhouetted shapes presented arms.

"Reservists training," muttered Hoyle, and his dark eyes flashed. "Training with a light behind them. Forgot to blank their shadows. His strong face glowed with excitement. "Lord, if they're enough in earnest it's my chance!"

Flinging on a cap and coat, he hastened down two flights of stairs to the rain-drenched street, sought a passage between stone walls to the common court of that block, and presently stood beneath the animated square which had enticed him into an equinoctial downpour. Fairly blinded by rain, he searched for some means of reaching the lower round of the fire-escape. He would not imperil his mission by conventionally applying for admittance. He must manage to enter abruptly and state his desire before any member of this secret meeting could interrupt him. He must impress them with his sincerity before suspicion barred him out. With the agility of an acrobat he climbed to a window ledge and from there reached the lowest step of the steel fire-escape. In another minute he stood beside the opening where smoke-black etchings played, like movies, across the lowered shade. Prying fingers told him the way was locked. Whatever the nationality of the men within, they had guarded their meeting against an enemy's invasion. Listening, he heard the soft burr of a German voice. To the rain-soaked spy this welcome guttural was sweetest music. It decided his next amazing act. With his right fist incased in his dripping cap, he suddenly smashed the lower sash and bounded into the room. What he saw was an astounded group of some fifty men who seemed cast in metal like a monstrous piece of statuary. They in turn stared at a smooth-shaven individual of splendid build whose every line and gesture indicated that he was an American.

"You're German reservists," he charged. "You intend to enlist in the Kaiser's army; and I'm here to offer you free passage to the Fatherland. Listen!" he shouted, as a dozen men threw off the paralysis of surprise and rushed at him. "You want to evade capture en route. You fear countrymen of the allies. Even the States discourage the departure to war of her foreign citizens. Yet you wish to cross a warship-infested sea and join some regiment. And I, too, want to reach German shores, if I can secure men of nerve to handle my private yacht."

His object in breaking into the secret session was revealed. He wanted a daredevil crew to sail over hidden mines and to the lip of war's seething cauldron. For days he had fine-combed New York's shipping quarters for this sort, and failed in shipping a working force. The ones he encountered either lacked wit or courage. They fell short of his requirements. To this band of patriots he looked for assistance since they must possess both these qualities quickened by patriotic fervor.

"Son," said he of the German accent, "you're the prince of butters-in; you're a regular sunburst." His manner was unexpectedly pacific, but his keen gray eyes were probing Hoyle's own like a rapier. "As for the yacht, a sight of it is proof. There's just one question; what's your errand?"

Hoyle's answer was ready. "I'm going after my sweetheart," said he. "She's a bit of a girl with a floss of yellow hair and blue eyes; the sort you'd enter that hell of battling armies to save. And she's there, penniless and friendless and timid. Got separated from one of those personally conducted squads where a man and wife take people about in foreign countries at so much per. Dropped out of sight near Bremen. Roberts, the conductor, cabled about it from London."

During a moment's silence the staring group considered this statement. Then a bearded man at the locked door spoke.

"Sounds reasonable," he told them. "A girl is sure the devil's loadstone. And we need a ship. Let's call his hand."

In this astonishing manner the head reporter for Walt Claxton's brace of lurid journals shipped a crew. With engines muffled and lights out, his racing yacht rushed eastward in charge of her own skipper, but manned by greenhorns. Captain Gordon, past-master of the seven seas, swore himself hoarse at incompetent hands and briefly slept while the low-sailing yacht sought a northerly course. At all hours groups of unoccupied men leaned on the rail and talked in low tones. Stimel, the accepted leader, occasionally sought out Hoyle and conversed.

"That little girl of the yellow hair," said he the first morning as they scanned the sea for roaming warships, "what is her name?"

"Lee," Hoyle told him. "Miss Tina Lee; and the words fit, for she's a tiny mite—and timid." He glibly narrated the story of his courtship while Stimel smoked and listened. Claxton's head reporter believed in being thorough. Moreover years of journalism lent fluency to his tongue and wings to his imagination; so his roaming fancy supplied convincing data. And he must convince lest these German reservists toss him in the sea as a spy and seize the yacht.

"Good stuff," praised Stimel at the close. "Just one botch. First your girl evades her stern parent and meets you in the garden; but in the next chapter she's an orphan. Mixed dope."

"That was her step-parent," amended Hoyle, but he wondered at the huge German's choice of words and was perturbed at his blunder.

"Queer chap," thought he, as Stimel ended the conference and walked slowly back to his mates. "The whole push are queer. Can't for the life o' me make 'em out."

Nor had he leisure to consider the problem, for immediately dangers multiplied. Subsidized merchantmen twice slipped over the horizon and caught sight of their low-running, sea-green craft. Signaled queries were answered by flinging Union bunting to the breeze; but several short-dropping shots indicated doubt. And this suspicion became certanty when Captain Gordon ordered full steam and showed them a diminishing rear. West of the British Isles patrolling warboats disputed the way, prowling cruisers demanded their business; but a flying keel avoided these sentries of the sea until the Orkneys lay far behind and a mined body of water stretched before them. Often Hoyle marveled at his crew's grouped whisperings. And often he wondered that they feared the Kaiser's war-vessels equally with those of King George. Perhaps they preferred land service, and shrank from being impressed as sailors. He didn't blame them. Joe Balke, Jack Norheim, Hans Schmidt, Frank Hiner and twenty more writhed in the throes of acute seasickness, and cursed Neptune in excellent language. This puzzled him until he recalled the German love for books and exact knowledge. That accounted for it. But he increased his own reticence. These brainy fellows might catch him making some fatal slip and bar him from entrance to the seat of war. So he guarded his speech and watched, day and night, their troubled course, while the ocean greyhound darted past lower Norway and entered the region where death threatened each gleaming mile.

Screened by the darkness of a moonless night, the sea-green craft slipped between patrols and sought a landing. If they gained the shore in small boats the yacht would be abandoned. Claxton's representative was to spare neither cost nor pains to secure uncensored copy, and the racing craft represented an entrance fee.

"She must move like the shuttle of a loom," whispered Stimel at Hoyle's side, "or there'll be hell to pay, and us bankrupt."

"Ask the engineer to stifle that pounding," demanded Balke from the gloom. "We can be heard to Bremen."

"If it would only blow and kick up a sea," complained Frank Hiner, who paced the deck like an uneasy phantom. "God, if anything 'ud come but this infernal give-away silence!"

At that moment the offending stillness gave place to a dull roar. Flame sprang from the sea and enveloped the splintering yacht like a ruddy wave of inferno. The floating mine, hit by the prowling beak of the racer, opened a watery hollow that engulfed them. Then the trembling hull temporarily righted while boats were launched; and, having paused to receive a compelling weight of inrushing brine, she sank gurglingly, while shadowy boats sought the dull outline of distant shore.

As the boat in which Hoyle and part of the crew reached the bleak sand dune of coast, dawn revealed objects in distorted form; but not a trace of their comrades greeted them.

"Gordon and his engineer would make for Holland," surmised Hoyle. " As for you fellows——"

He turned to address Stimel, Balke, Hiner and Schmidt, who had shared his lifeboat; but each man was a disappearing shape in the murk and each shape headed in a separate direction!

"Looks like every man for himself and devil take the hindmost," thought the amazed reporter. But he neither called after them nor tried to join them. Instead he rejoiced at this riddance of entrammeling company and likewise selected a lone route inland.

Over the rim of dunes he presently found peasant homes where quiet lanes were barricaded and women harvested crops. Occasionally some aged or decrepit grandsire demanded his passport and violent scenes ensued when they discovered he had none. Only his Americanism and a miniature Stars and Stripes at his watch chain saved him from onslaught. Once he pacified a mob by naming his home city. He was from Chicago, and the word wrought magic. Several had relatives who had emigrated to that far-off metropolis and they knew the name. When possible he skirted woods and followed byways. Finally he neared a town where raw troops drilled and moving companies passed on to the front. He watched them from ambush; and while he tried to estimate their numbers he chanced upon Frank Hiner, who slouched low among sheaves of barley and busily wrote sentences on a bit of paper.

"You here?" cried Hoyle. But at the unexpected sound Hiner crammed the written slip in his mouth, gulped once and it was swallowed. "I've heard of people eating their words," observed Hoyle, "but that's my first sight of the act. Hope they'll agree with you."

"Just writing home," lied Hiner. "You startled me. Thought you might be a na——, I mean spy. Thought if you read my stuff you'd think I'd been too frank, so I downed it. Nobody dares to speak out."

He edged off, and ran towards larger stacks by a fringe of brush, then bolted for the woods.

"He's crazy," decided Hoyle. "Instead of offering his head to the Emperor, he's lost it. Too much excitement, poor chap."

Crowding interests drove the matter from his mind. Everywhere infantry in gray-green uniforms endlessly focused toward a common center; and southward he crossed the main line of march where

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troops and artillery—gray as fog and silent—flowed onward, a somber river. He longed to write of the devastated fields and forsaken cities, of military strength and tactics, of resources and conditions, but he dared not trust the topics to actual words on paper. If captured, such copy would mean his death-warrant, unless he could destroy it as poor Hiner had his meaningless scrawl. So he contented himself with storing data in his retentive memory while he roamed from town to town and from village to village, always evading arrest by a shade, always missing danger by a breath. Then he came near enough the battle lines to hear the distant boom of Krupps and see red-trousered prisoners being marched to the interior. And here, while waiting for a regiment to pass, he chanced upon Balke—Balke hiding among trellised grapes while he photographed the steel-gray ranks with a pocket camera!

"Pot-shotting your countrymen with a kodak instead of aiming at the enemy!" accused the indignant reporter.

"They're views for the home folks," muttered Balke, but his face had whitened to putty and his starting eyes regarded Hoyle with relief. "You frightened me nigh into a fit," he admitted.

"So that's it," said Hoyle with contempt. "Too cowardly to enlist after all that reservist war talk! Nice defender of the Fatherland, ain't you?"

"Never mind me," said Balke. "What I do's none of your business, because your business is hunting up a girl named Tina Lee!"

He laughed aloud despite their danger; and the laugh mocked. Then he turned and moved from sight among the vines.

Something in his backward grimace made Hoyle wheel in his tracks; then he understood, for, approaching on the run, came a man in gray-green with leveled musket.

"About! march!" ordered the scout in his own tongue; and Hoyle promptly obeyed. The Kaiser's guards lost no time in argument. There would be but one remark punctuated by shot. So he rapidly strode down the vineyard's slope to the highway where recently passed five thousand troops, then on to the near town's military station urged to haste by the leveled musket at his back. Into the recruiting office they marched amid clamoring mobs and paused at the enrolling officer's desk. That squat individual glanced up from ink-wet papers and, perceiving the scout in charge of an undoubted spy, stolidly waited his report with fountain pen poised.

"He was photographing the movements of our infantry," stated the scout. "Got him red-handed."

Hoyle gasped. Photographing troops! Vehemently he denied the charge and explained. His broken German rolled from his tongue in a flood of protest but neither official nor captor believed him. The scout had distinctly seen a camera directed at the marching column between grape leaves. His prisoner had concealed the instrument but he was certain of the act and there was but one man on the hillside.

Of course! Hiner had skulked back of high trellises. Nothing had been seen save a focused camera and Hoyle himself. The prisoner swore internally and aloud told his oft-conned story of his girl-hunting quest. So vividly did he sketch the lost fiancee that he could visualize her to his mind's eye. This time no loose joint appeared in his statement. Practice had perfected him until, according to the saying, his story held water. Even the enrolling official, who wore a captain's uniform, was impressed.

"Prove that yarn by sunrise," was his ultimatum, "or be shot." Hoyle was impaled on the horns of dire dilemma. Either he must produce his myth of the yellow hair or suffer death. He cursed his foolhardiness in not providing himself with passports. During the night in locked barracks he bitterly bewailed his fate. Life held tremendous possibilities. There was his uncle's legacy and his "beat" for Claxton. Thus musing he lived a wretched eternity. Then came his guards and escorted him to the presence of his judge. And as before, the officer sat by a paper-strewn desk with pen poised ready for the next stroke.

"So," said he to the unhappy prisoner, "you're alone. Where's the little sweetheart?" The words were ironical. His tone implied utter unbelief. Then his eyes widened at sight of a couple who entered the outer door at Hoyle's back. So amazed was his expression that the prisoner glanced over his shoulder. Then:

"Stimel!" he shouted. "You?"

What Jim's starting eyes beheld was indeed the reservist leader clad in gray-green, erect and soldierly. That was enough. But what made his senses reel was the vision walking at the German's side. She was a slender mite with a halo of sunny hair and blue eyes like the sky in summer and a cameo-perfect face with the white and pink of porcelain. She was clad in dark blue with facings of cardinal silk and wore a hat of felt with a scarlet wing. She was, to the last detail, his dream-girl, his mythical sweetheart! Stimel alone seemed real. With saber clanking he walked to the desk and saluted his superior.

"This lady," said he, "is Miss Lee, whom your prisoner is seeking."

He added explanations in his soft rolling burr, but Hoyle heard nothing more. The girl with the angel's face had rushed to his nerveless arms, seemed to be sobbing on his breast while she called him endearing names. A moment later her lips were at his ear.

"Play the lover," she fiercely whispered. "You big mutt, play the fond lover, or you'll die."

Dimly the condemned one comprehended the reason of her command and obediently played his part. He who had never made love, now held the unknown maiden close in his arms while he caressed her tear-wet cheeks. If this saved life, the manner of it was bliss. He would gladly have prolonged the scene, but again the counterpart of his dream-girl gave him his cue.

"Idiot," she breathed; "stop! See, the officer is dismissing you. Come before he has time to think."

The harassed official was indeed releasing him from custody. Clamoring affairs demanded his attention. So he nodded to the guards an order to free the man he now believed innocent and immediately forgot his presence. It was Stimel who bent close on his way back to duty and tendered low-toned advice.

"Get yourself and her out of Germany at once," said he, and passed on about his delayed business.

"He found me in a side-tracked coach," explained the girl. She was walking at Hoyle's side with a small warm palm thrust confidingly into his big hand. "You see," she went on, "I hadn't any money and I was in a perfect fright of a mess and ravenously hungry, so I hid in the car to die. Looked like a perfectly good place, lots of cushioned seats and quiet. So I curled up on the plush and waited. It seemed to take forever and forever for my poor little ghost and me to separate, but I must have been pretty near dead when your friend came. He wasn't a soldier then, I guess, because he wore a brown suit with a New York tag in it. Saw it on his coat when he put it over me. He was awfully nice; got me lots to eat, and when I'd told him all about getting left from my party, why he told me all about you. Wasn't that odd? Told me all about coming over in the yacht, and that he lost track of you, but would hunt you up. He must 'a' hunted near a week, and me in the coach waiting, when all at once he came running and told me what a perfectly awful scrape you blundered into. Said I must act like your sweetheart to get you out of it. So we fixed it up fine and practiced——"

"You what!" cut in Hoyle at this point in her astounding narrative.

"Practiced the love scene," she told him. "We thought it would make the officer relent. And it did, didn't it?" she demanded happily.

"Of course," admitted the near-stunned reporter. "Your tears were enough. The practicing wasn't necessary."

"They were perfectly real tears," said the girl, and her blue eyes again glistened with moisture at the thought. "But they were tears of joy. I was jolly glad Pops sent you. Of course I knew he'd send somebody, but it might 'a' been too late."

"You're glad who sent me?" said Hoyle, disbelieving his ears.

"Silly name, isn't it?" said she. "I always call him Pops, and he likes it. He's just dotty about me. Must 'a' been perfectly wild when Roberts cabled. So I knew he'd send after me, because he can't go on water. Gets seasick and most turns inside out, poor dear."

The dumb-with-amazement war scribe stared down at the girl's yellow, clustering curls. "So Pops sent me," he digested. "But who in Sam Hill is Pops? Did Stimel know? And why did that loyalist so abruptly change from New York attire to the gray-green uniform?" It was a problem with one or two parts missing. Anyhow this dainty little miss was intrusted to his care. At least he must see her safely out of the war zone. Until then his mission as correspondent for the Claxton journals must wait. This loss of time was maddening, but she had saved his life. Besides, her helplessness appealed to his sense of chivalry. His course of action was decided.

"We must find a conveyance," said he to the girl. "My kingdom for a good old American auto!"

Gamely she trudged at his side while he applied at wayside inns or peasant homes for some means of leaving the country on wheels. But every horse, auto, or truck had been impressed into army service. Hours later they discovered an abandoned motor in a farmer's shed. Evidently its owner had engine trouble; but Hoyle, who could take apart and reassemble the machinery of a boat, a car, or even an airship, easily found the fault and remedied it. Fortunately the tank still held a quantity of gasoline.

"Climb in," he told his weary comrade. "We'll make her hum while the oil holds out. "After that we'll buy—or steal some more."

Under a master's hand the car darted along at astonishing speed. With the cut-out wide and a foot on the accelerator, he flashed by loaded wagons, mounted scouts, an occasional trooper bound for a mobilization center, and staring women who carried burdens. The pace saved them from frequent challenge and lost time. So Hoyle fed the engine unlimited gas, while the girl's yellow hair unbound and whipped in the breeze and a rich color tinged the porcelain white of her lovely face. And Jim, driving with the precision of an expert, stole glances at the floss of tossing hair and the slim form beside him. Was she child or woman? Just now her animated expression and dancing eyes made her seem the former; but occasionally he detected something old and shrewd in her alert glance, as if a weary spirit looked from the blue windows. What was her name? Where was her home? He set about gaining this information without disturbing her faith in her father's messenger.

"See any town over here that looks like home?" he questioned.

"Home!" she echoed. "Why, there's no place on earth like little, old Chicago."

He breathed freely. She was from the Windy City, and he knew it like a book. As a cub reporter he learned its every nook and corner; and this familiarity with the directory list, coupled to his genius for difficult interviews with reticent public characters, helped him to worm out his protege's address and title. It was Dolly Lamar! Most befitting of all names for her dainty, porcelain beauty. Was it his fancy or had she assisted him the desired knowledge? And was she helping out when she talked of people and places?

"Pops thinks a heap o' you," she observed, "or he'd never 'a' sent you wild-goose-chasing after his only child." She beamed at him with blue eyes smiling. "It was a regular needle-in-the-haystack business, wasn't it?"

"Worse," declared Hoyle. "Just like looking for a needle where there wasn't any needle."

"But you got me," said she. "Pops knew you'd get there. He says, says he: 'Jim's a corker! Can't be beat!' That's why you're his agent out West."

"So my front name is Jim," thought Hoyle. "Lucky strike! But what's the

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other? And what do I agent for out West?"

She naively assisted him to the first.

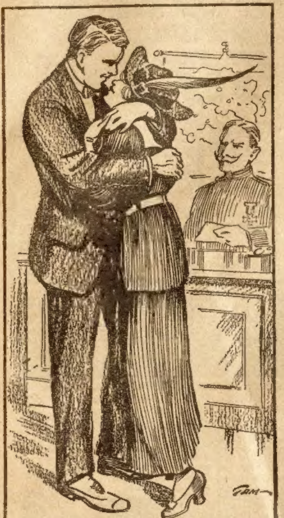
"Jim's all of your name I know," she confessed. "You see Pops always just spoke of you as just plain Jim."

"Well, the surname is just plain Hoyle," he told her. Then the car coughed, sputtered, and came to a stop. The oil had given out in the midst of a deep forest. There was nothing for it but leave the motor and build a supper fire in the shelter of trees. Presently he strung sausages on an improvised spit for roasting, and Dolly contentedly watched the process while they talked.

"The West sure braces up a tenderfoot," said he fishing for facts.

"It just does," cried Dolly, "Think of those splendid cowboys!"

This should have given him his cue, but it didn't. So he buried vegetables, gathered from a field, in the hot ashes and neatly turned the frying sausages while he revolved the matter in his distracted mind. Did he buy or sell? Was the commodity fruit, land, or cattle? After a time, while Dolly drowsed, he spread the lunch on a mossy knoll. Then the two ate; and while dining he discovered an answer to his riddle.



"Play the lover, you big mutt," she fiercely whispered.

"These," observed Dolly while munching her frankfurter, "make me perfectly homesick for Pops and the messy old packing house." Unheeded tears rolled down her pretty face as she hungrily devoured the hot delicacy, but Hoyle knew his Western employment. Dolly Lamar had grown sentimental over, of all things, a sausage. So the answer was cattle. He bought whole herds of Texas long-horns and shipped them to Lamar's packing house!

After the rude meal ended, he prepared to go on foot in search of gasoline. First he brought robes from the car and wrapped his sleepy charge in them for the night.

"Don't shriek if you hear prowlers," he urged before leaving. "If you're still, any stragglers would pass by. They'd see the car out there by the road and content themselves with looting it. You're safe."

All that night Hoyle sought the precious fluid. Sometimes he tried to purchase a supply and twice nearly got arrested by civil guards. For Dolly's sake this must be avoided. All night he ran the gantlet of watch dogs, excited peasants, guards, and sleepless citizens; then at gray dawn he discovered a tin of the coveted speed-essence in an officer's waiting car, appropriated it, and sped back to his sleeping charge. As he neared the spot he heard the high notes of a woman's terrified voice. It was Dolly, Dolly struggling with renegades who trail in the wake of a great army.

"Back!" she screamed. "Don't dare touch me, or Jim will kill you!" She held the pair of toughs at bay like an enraged canary. Her angry eyes were scintillating diamonds. Gone from the delicate porcelain of her pretty face was the child's expression. She looked suddenly old, like a grown woman of bitter experience, yet her stature was that of a light-footed elf, and her golden tresses glinted under the sun's first rays.

"Courage!" Hoyle shouted to her. "I'm coming."

At the sound of his shout the cowards fled; and Dolly, seeing her deliverer, swiftly lost her brave front and collapsed like a wilted fern.

"Jim!" she cried rushing to the shelter of his arms. "Oh, Jim, I'm horribly frightened. My nerve," she sobbed, "has just perfectly gone to smash."

"There, there!" he soothed. "You're safe, sweetheart. Nothing shall harm you. Nothing on earth or in the heavens shall take you from me." And he meant it. In that hour of stress, danger united them. Absorbing, swift-sent love welled in the hearts of both. Neither put the thought in words, but each was aware that the other felt the sweet spell of a world-old passion, the subtle mystery that makes life worth living.

Until late that afternoon their commandeered motor devoured dusty miles where gray squads passed by, where army teams impeded the way, where cycle-mounted scouts stopped to question them, then doubtfully dashed on about their business. Once double files of German troops came forward escorting red-trousered prisoners, and Hoyle then knew he was far from the right course, had deviated westward toward the Belgian battle front. Dismayed, he turned into a quiet country road; then the supply of gasoline gave out. They were again stranded.

"I'll find accommodation for you with some peasant," he told her.

But when he knocked at a cottage the hausfrau pointed at Dolly, demanding if she were his wife.

"No," said he, then lied. "She is my sister," he declared.

At that the door slammed shut. At every threshold the question and rebuff were repeated until Hoyle despaired.

"The evil-minded jades!" said he. The sight of Dolly's white face and lagging steps filled him with dismay. "You can't sleep out tonight; you'd be ill from exposure. What shall we do?" he demanded.

Dolly stopped in her tracks and pondered. Since her guardian was at his wit's end it became her duty to furnish an idea. Her smooth brow adorably puckered in the act, red lips compressed, lashes drooped over thoughtful eyes. Finally she spoke, but the fringed lids still lowered, and a flood of crimson dyed the pretty face.

"If only married people may lodge," she said, "let's have a wedding."

"You darling," cried Hoyle. "That shall be our passport!

Again he knocked at a cottage door, but this time he asked the way to the parish priest's and was civilly answered. At the house designated they found an aged Lutheran clergyman who mumbled the marriage service for them in the English tongue, but wrote Dolly's marriage contract in German script. And because it was written in the native language, Dolly lodged that night in comfort. A suspicious matron read the lines and smiled.

"The little frau is welcome," she told them. "And you," she said to Hoyle holding wide her cabin door. But he had ahead of him a night's work. Not only must he find essence, but he must return many miles for the useless car. Once more he prowled about stores and sheds and army camps hoping to discover the needed oil. Many times he narrowly escaped arrest or a charge of shot; and morning found him back at Dolly's lodging without conveyance.

They had breakfasted and were far on their way when a saddled but riderless horse dashed toward them in frenzied flight. At sight of them he veered, was cornered, and finally captured. His trappings were of finest make, the stamped leather of a French officer's mount. Doubtless his fleeing rider had, within the quarter hour, dropped from a pursuer's shot. It meant that they were near the battle line. Their course toward Holland's neutral border had wavered, had turned southward.

As Hoyle placed Dolly on the owner-

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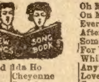

Oh You Kid
Baby Doll
My Pony Boy
Dreaming
Napanee
Rainbow
Red Wing
Honey Boy
Silver Bell
Ida Ho
Cheyenne
Smarty
San Antonio
Dearie
Morning Cy
Arra Wanna
Are You Sincere
Row, Row, Row
Oh Mr. Dream Man
On Moonlight Bay
Everybody's Doing It
After the Honeymoon
Someone Loves You
For You Dear Heart
While You Are Mine
Anywhere With You
Love's Young Dream
Every Little Movement
Bird on Nellie's Hat
Temptation Rag
I Wish I Had a Girl
Dream on Dear Heart
Garden of Dreams
Sweet Italian Love
If I Had a Home Sweet Home
Who Are You With Tonight?
They Always Pick On Me
All That I Ask Of You is Love
When Moon Plays Peek-a-Boo
The Sweetest Girl in Dixie
Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet
By Light of the Silv'ry Moon
Will the Angels Let Me Play
Let Me Call You Sweetheart
Roses Bring Dreams of You
Lemon in the Garden of Love
Call Me Some Rainy Afternoon
Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now
If I Only Had the Nerve
You'll Do the Same Thing Over
Kentucky
Hold Up Rag
My Dixie Rose
In Georgia Land
Little Boy Blue
A Little Cozy Flat
O, Say, Doctor
Red Rose Rag
School Days
Way Down South
Casey Jones
Steamboat Bill
O You Circus Day
Kentucky Rag
Rag Time Violin
Grizzly Bear
Waiting for the Robert E. Lee
I Want to Be in Dixie
You For Me When Sweet 16
Be My Little Baby Bumble Bee
I'd Love to Live in Loveland
Oh You Beautiful Doll
Alexander's Ragtime Band
Rag Time Soldier Man
There's a Mother Old and Gray
Silver Threads Among the Gold
Till Sands of Desert Grow Cold
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Let Me Call You Sweetheart
When I Get You Alone Tonight
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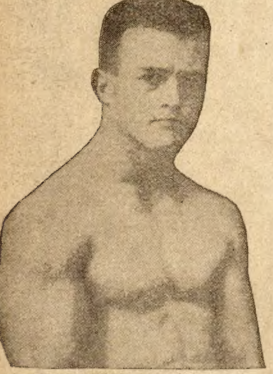

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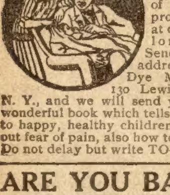

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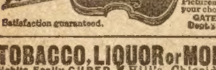

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less steed, they heard the far-off boom of Krupp-like surf on an unseen shore, and above them sailed a lone Zeppelin in lazy flight. Its engine-noise came to them faintly like the curious song of some strange bird of prey. Then at the crest of a wooded hill they paused while two regiments of German infantry passed along the valley beneath like a river of gray fog. After that the roads swarmed with artillery squads, army wagons, infantry, quick-stepping to a position at the nearing front. Dismayed at their surroundings, Hoyle would gladly have hurried his bride of a day into a safer region; but the broad highway led, ultimately, to their destination; so they traveled onward until the roar of cannon shook the earth like distant earthquake and the sky above was widely marked with slowly circling aeroplanes.

“We're on the rim of an inferno,” said Hoyle. “Let's turn back.”

But his companion stoutly objected. Her heaven's blue eyes glinted with excitement. Nothing escaped her flitting glance. When they presently entered a Red Cross camp where stretcher-bearers were endlessly fetching men with frightful wounds, she swung herself from the borrowed mount and begged to stay.

“I can help,” she declared. “You don't know how perfectly good I am in sickness. Please let me help the wounded.”

To Hoyle's amazement she acted like one used to blood and groans and the agonized scenes of death. At a tent she secured a Red Cross badge. No one questioned her movements in that harassed camp of woe. Like an angel of light she passed from place to place where sorely wounded awaited attention from overworked surgeons and wearied nurses. Dying men looked at the vision and thought heaven was near. Parched tongues blessed her in foreign words when she gave them water. Her husband of a day saw the color ebb from her porcelain-white cheeks and her lips quiver at scenes of anguish; but she flitted from cot to cot until the surgeons believed her a new recruit and demanded her service. Two days the upper and nether stones of conflicting armies ground out the ghastly toll of wounded; then bursting shells endangered the very camp where doctors plied their bloody task.

“We must get out of this; and quick,” thought Hoyle.

But whence and how? Eastward lay weary miles they had just traversed; westward, shrapnel hissed and bit along a wide frontier; northward, gray hosts mobilized for titanic contest. He bitterly regretted their delay, their two days behind the screen of mystery where he had gleaned his desired story for the Claxton press while helping to bury the dead. And as he taxed his brain with the manner of escape, Dolly, pale and shaking, came to him in the gloom and grasped his sleeve.

“Come,” she urged. “The marksmen winged a French airship when it flew across the lines at sunset. I saw it perfectly plain. The wings dipped and crumpled. It dropped slowly like a wounded hawk. I know the place. Let us see if the men are living.”

But the French air-scouts were dead. Their machine had crushed them beneath its weight; but the parts, save the crumpled wings were intact. The engine throbbed obediently to the touch of Hoyle's hand on the lever. Its steady beat held his attention; and the airship's model made his pulses throb in unison.

“That's a Curtiss,” he cried. “I know them like a last year's hat. Don't you see?” he told her. “It's our way to France!”

Till dawn he worked at the delicate task of making the injured planes taut, every bolt secure, every wire of the network true. Often he had watched this process at meets where he reported aerial doings. Jack White, an airman friend, had taught him the levers in trial flights. He had unbounded faith in his ability to drive the ship of heaven; and Dolly, excited, interested Dolly, had unbounded faith in him. It was breath-catching work and, to him, heart-wrenching anxiety as he strapped his young wife in the extra seat, started the mechanism and presently rose above the earth. But the craft seemed motionless, while the grain field they had left dropped lower and lower until the world became a panorama. Up and up they mounted, until the harsh roar of their engine sang only in their own ears, and the altitude promised safety from shot. This ride was the last adventure of their trip. Over France the French-built aeroplane rode and finally landed without challenge or attack. After that came a Channel trip, a ride by rail, and they were in London, were at the great telegraph office where Dolly rushed a cable to “Pops.” Line after line of money-eating words she handed the operator while Hoyle walked the floor and chafed at her length of message. In his pocket burned precious copy for the Claxton journals. He wanted to send it red-hot across the wire to waiting pressmen. Then he forgot Dolly at the wicket, forgot everything but the bulky individual entering at the door.

“Stimel!” he shouted. “You here!”

“Why not?” coolly demanded the German-American in his soft guttural. “It's the best cable office, and I'm sending in some darned good stuff.”

“You what?” cried Hoyle. “And where's your uniform?”

“I'm a war correspondent same's you,” said Stimel. “The whole push you caught drilling in case they needed to play soldier were after inside copy. Not a man-jack enlisted unless Captain Gordon and his engineer took sides. As for the Kaiser's uniform, I borrowed it of a chap that—that—didn't need it. It's what got me—and you—out of some devilish dark blue trouble.”

“Reporters!” burst from Hoyle. “Reporters after copy! My word!”

He stared at the big news gatherer as if he saw a ghost; but into his fixed gaze crept a film of sharp suspicion.

“But Dolly,” he demanded. “What about my wife?”

As he named her she was before him grasping his lapels in small, nervous fingers while she rapidly talked.

“Jimmy-boy, there is no Pops,” she confessed. “But my name was Lamar and I was stranded and hiding in the coach when Pete Stimel of Chicago found me and fed me, and told me about your arrest and your Tina Lee dream-girl who looked like me, and who—as me—could free you. So we practiced—yes, we did!—that fetching love scene. And I went along as your passport, and got frightened at the tramps and my loneliness, and fell in love with you, and proposed, and married you. And somewhere there's going to be a big bright future in a perfectly dear little four-room flat!”

“Of course,” said Hoyle. “But why were you in Europe?”

“Because,” said she, “I'm reporting for the Associated Press.”

“Another!” gasped he. “And she's beat me to it; she's cabled in a ‘scoop!’ ”

The end.

* * *

A Bit Unruly.

“Is that bull over in Mr. Lathrop's pasture good-natured?” inquired the new schoolmistress, with some apprehension in her voice. “I ask because I wanted to cross the pasture last night, and I was afraid he might be ugly.”

Mr. Peaslee surveyed the young lady with kindly eyes, and hesitated before he replied.

“W-well,” he conceded, at length, “it might be a mite resky—you with that red sweater on, and all—to undertake to cross that pasture when he's right handy. He might take a notion to chase you, and then again he mightn't.

“I ain't one to slander any of my neighbors' prop'ty,” he went on, apologetically, “but I'd know as Lathrop can blame me if I don't any more'n recite facts to you. I ain't givin' any opinion, y' understand. I'm jest tellin' you what's happened, and lettin' you make up your own mind to suit yourself.

“When Lathrop fust got that animal, he had a Swede workin' for him, and he had the care of the bull 'bout all the time while he stayed here. That Swede was a kind of stupid critter, and I guess he got careless. 'T any rate, one day we heard a bellerin' goin' on up there in the pasture, and the Swede hollerin' at the top of his voice, so we all grabbed pitchforks and put up there as hard as we could pelt, and we didn't any more'n get there in time, as 'twas.

“After we men—there was five of us, with pitchforks—had bradded the bull away from the man, we got him—the man, I mean—over the fence, and kinder went over him for injuries. He had one broken arm and two broken legs, and besides that he was trod up consid'able. And while we was sortin' him over, it took three men to keep the bull from gettin' over the fence and havin' another go at him.

“And ever since that time,” concluded Mr. Peaslee, judicially, “I've sort of had my doubts about that animal. In fact, I can't help thinkin' that he's a kind of unruly beast.”

* * *

Talk That Counts.

Ephum Johnson was up before Judge Shimmerpate on a cruelty to animals charge.

“Deed Ah wasn't abusin' dat mule, Jedge,” the old man demurred.

“Did you not strike it repeatedly with a club?”

“Yassah.”

“And do you not know that you can accomplish more with animals by speaking to them?”

“Yassah; but dis critter am diff'nt. He am so deef he caint heah me when Ah speaks to him in de usual way, so Ah has to communicate wid him in de sign language.”

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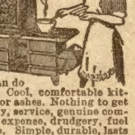

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WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 0218 TYRONE, PA.

Fly Smith's Waterloo

By Edward Cahn

POP DEMMING dug his spurs into Jingo's sides as he loped around the bend and came within sight of the Silver Star.

"Pelt along, ole hoss, do you s'pose I got all night to wait fer you to look fer bait? What's keeping you? You've got the whole trail to yourself; nothing ferninst you, ner beyant, nor hehint; zip along, or dern me if I don't ship you out to Los Angeles to be a cab-horse."

This dreadful threat must have put fear into Jingo's heart, for he mended his pace so noticeably that he almost satisfied his impatient master.

Pop took off his hat to let the wind cool his head and whip some of the flush out of his face. "Now I mustn't act too proud." He put on his hat and pulled Jingo down to a dogtrot a half-mile before he reached the Silver Star.

This tavern was a far outpost of civilization, and shades were things unknown. Light streamed from every window, and the flood coming through the open door helped the moon display the bunch of horses standing waiting, heads down, for their social owners.

"Texas Barrett must be smiling a mile wide," thought Pop; "that crowd'll lick up two kaigs of bug-juice easy. It seems reason'ble to calculate it's a orderly gatherin'; no gun play; lights all goin'; horses easy. Fly Smith must be there. Yes, I kin see him; dern his hide! He shore don't love my Bill."

He reined up, tossed the bridle over Jingo's head, swung out of the saddle, and stepped into the bar.

Texas Barrett, proprietor, was smiling, for business was very good. A score of cattlemen leaned against the rude pine bar drinking amiably. Lee Duck, the Chinese waiter, was darting from bar to card tables and back again, his yellow face glistening with the sweat of honest toil.

Pop Demming stepped up to the bar. "Howdy, boys. Set 'em up for the house, Texas, I'm going to treat the whole passel." He raised his voice. "This here is on me; everybody line up and have a drink; Pop Demming is here for to 'nounce that his boy Bill is going to run again for justice of the peace."

A shout was raised and every one jostled forward immediately. There were sincere congratulations from all sides. Those nearest the proud father shook hands with him, while the barkeeper measured out the liquor, and Lee Duck wiped glasses feverishly.

"I'm sure free to remark," said Squint Anderson, "that I'm mighty glad to hear it, Pop. That boy Bill o' yourn is a mighty fine justice of the peace, judgin' from this yere term he's just about finishin'."

"Yaas," affirmed Cal Cornell, "what I like about Bill is that he's plumb durable. San Felipe never had a justice that lived to serve out his term before. Holdin' that office has always yeretofore been a sickly business round these parts; yes siree."

"Here's to Bill," said Pronto Bings, lifting his glass; "he's durable and he's honest, too, by Hookety Pelt!"

"Ye——up!" cheered the crowd, and opening their hardened throats as one man, they poured the fiery stuff down and rattled the glasses onto the bar with a unanimity that would have done a drillmaster proud.

Fly Smith spun a big gold coin across the planks to Texas. "One moment, gentlemen! Join me." He looked at Pop Demming with a queer expression on his dark face. Demming looked steadily back; the look was prolonged. The barkeeper and the Chinaman filled the glasses again. Every one waited.

Texas broke in as the strain was beginning to tell. "Well, gents, licker up, if you're going to. You ain't no pair of gamecocks, be ye?"

Fly Smith raised his glass. "To the next justice of the peace of San Felipe, gentlemen!" Again the glasses were raised; drained; rattled down. "But he won't be Bill Demming!" added Fly Smith, in an offensive tone.

Demming, senior, stiffened and instantly demanded, "Why won't he be?"

"Because he's going to change his mind about running after he hears from me."

"What'll you tell him; all about your trade?" This was dangerous ground for any man to set foot on, for Fly Smith was a professional card-player, notably quick-tempered and quicker with a gun.

"I'll remind him that he's too immediate about nosing into other folks' affairs. We want a justice what is a justice, and no sniveling reformer not game enough to turn a card himself."

The old man made a quick reach for deadly means to resent this, and there was an instant of silent, breathless hush. Then every one saw that Fly had Pop covered from the hip, and Pop's hand dropped away too late. The gambler grinned sardonically.

"Beautiful tableau, folks, great! What's it all about? Pop, are you and Fly Smith disputating on the holy miracles ag'in?"

All eyes turned to a side window from whence the voice came, and beheld Bill Demming himself, leaning in, resting his loosely folded arms upon the sill.

"Why, no, son, Mr. Smith here 'pears to have objections to your bein' justice ag'in. We fellers all drank twice, once to you and once to some party unknown, so's it turns out—Fly calls him the next justice. Come in and stay a while."

The justice came through the window. "Law now, Pop, there's no need for you to get riled at that, is there? One drink fer me and one fer the other feller's fair enough." He laughed good-naturedly. "Fly Smith's got a perfect right to vote for whoever he likes, if I don't suit, and so've the rest of the boys."

"Puffec'ly so," agreed his father, pulling out a plug of tobacco and leaning against the bar.

Fly Smith raised his voice. "Say, Bill, let me tell you that your health will be a heap better out of office than in. Don't run again, 'cause a second term fer you would be like a relapse o' yellow fever, see?" He scowled significantly at the justice of the peace, who was some six inches shorter than himself, and turned without waiting for a reply to the card table, and two minutes later was deep in a game with some swaggering cowpunchers.

The justice of the peace took even this in good part, cut short all protests from his more impetuous friends, and turned to receive the pledges of support offered him under cover of the general hum.

Pronto drew him aside. "Y'know Bill, Fly Smith is a-layin' for you; he's sure figurin' on evaporatin' you out of this yere country plumb entire. He's got Pete Sepulveda to run against you, and if you win it's ten dead gophers against a stack of chips he'll either crease you or git you creased. Bill, I tell yer he's hostile."

The justice laughed.

"Oh, you kin haw-haw and show the linin' of yore gullet to the public gaze, but I'm arisin' fer to say I'd a heap drather have you buying me drinks than me buying posies for yore lonely grave."

Bill laughed again.

"Laugh, dern you; I reckon you don't know that justices who've showed themselves too all-fired strong on justice have had irons pulled on 'em afore now!"

"Pronto's dead right," said Cal, "and we don't need Pete Sepulveda, nohow. Let him be 'lected this term, Bill, and maybe somebody'll kill him."

"Boys, I ain't here soliciting no votes. If you think Pete's the best man fer the job, why, you want to slide him in. I guess maybe if I don't ketch no cold I might live through a second term. Come on, Dad, I b'lieve I need your protection. So long, Fly, see you 'lection day."

They went out and got their horses, Bill calling over his shoulder, "Remember now, Fly, 'lection day."

"Son, I reckon you'd better not run again! don't 'pear noways safe; Fly Smith and Pete Sepulveda are a bad pair to buck. You know Fly Smith's been intendin' to let daylight into you for some time past; 'pears that he's about got his shotgun nicely sawed off, ready."

Bill rolled himself a cigarette.

Presently his father tried again. "Just because, compared to the feelin's you got for Fly Smith, you just love rattlesnakes and horny toads, ain't no good sign you got to pull the mustache off'n your luck, is it?"

"Pop, I'm a-goin' to run! You kin cut my laigs off and I'll run on my hands. That crooked gambler can't scare me. But I'm a heap sorry to go ag'in' you, Pop, I sure am."

Demming frowned in order to conceal the proud smile on his face, and swore horribly to keep the tremor out of his voice. "Billy, I ain't too old to larrup you good, and I will, too, whenever you need it." Which ended all talk of Bill's leaving the race.

Nothing happened until the morning before election day, when Fly Smith sent word to Bill that he must withdraw in favor of the other candidate, and that if he did not and should be elected, that he, Fly Smith, would personally come to kill him the next day at eight a. m.

"Rats!" said Bill Demming, turning to Pronto and Cal. "I might have been scared if he'd said noon—but eight in the morning! Why, he won't be out of bed by then; he never is."

Election day dawned with Bill still intact. There was a record vote polled. Every man for miles around rode in, partly because the justice was exceedingly popular, and partly because Fly Smith's extreme dislike for him and his own habit of doing precisely as he threatened were known far and wide. The event promised to be lively, and every last man of them was sufficiently Roman to relish the idea of such a holiday.

The strange absence of Fly Smith from the voting booth; from Main street, where he was wont to swagger; from the Silver Star; from Mrs. Clears' boarding-house, and from the face of the earth, so far as any one could discover, became the engrossing theme about the middle of the afternoon, when it was evident that Bill Demming was once more elected.

Evening came, but no Fly Smith. The votes were counted in the Silver Star, and Bill declared winner. The event was fittingly celebrated, and along about midnight, Bill started for home.

As he rode by Pronto Bings' ranch he heard peculiar sounds of distress. He trailed them; found their unusual source, and with a shout, swung round and spurred back to the Silver Star as fast as he could urge his horse. When he got there he demanded a rope and help. Both being immediately forthcoming, he galloped back, his assistants clattering after.

The justice led the way to the well. A faint voice, far below, began to groan and then to pray:

"Oh—oo, Lord! You know me; I don't ask many favors of you! Perform a miracle and take me out of this yere well, and I'll be cussed if I ever bother you again! Z—zz!" They could hear teeth chattering and then another groan.

Bill leaned over the well. "Hey, Fly, is that you down there?"

"Yes, it sure is, consarn you! Get me out of here, Bill!"

"All right. Here comes the bucket; grab it and we'll haul you out."

But the big gambler was too weak and too near frozen from being in icy water over eighteen hours to hold on. The bucket was hauled up again; Bill climbed in and went down after his enemy.

"Got a popper?" asked Bill.

"Nope."

"Got a knife?"

"Yep, but I'm so near dead I can't use it on you; so hustle me out of here."

The justice of the peace braced himself firmly in the bucket, grasped Fly beneath the arms, and they were hauled to the top, where Fly fainted.

At this juncture Pronto, Squint, and a party of Bill's friends dashed up and began to berate him for a meddler.

"You shore do annoy me," expostulated Pronto, "after all our work! Kain't you tend to yore own affairs? Just because yore re-elected have you got to be lookin' into every well in Arizona? We got him early this morning and slammed him down there where he couldn't make no trouble. You're a fool to fish him out. Put him in again before he gets you! He'll kill you tomorrow, certain; just shoot him now while he's handy."

Fly Smith opened his eyes. "Thanks, Bill; thanks. You are safe from me tomorrow. I'm not figuring on killing you until the next day. Maybe I won't kill you at all. Get re-elected?" It sounded

(Continued on page seventeen.)

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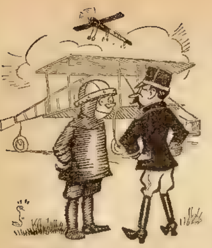
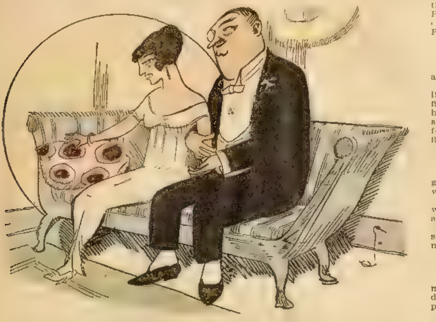


Jones—"What was the worst fall you ever had?"
Aviator—"The time I fell in love, and broke every bone I had in the bank!"



"If you'll marry me, Celeste, I'll get my life insured for $100,000. If I die you'll be well provided for."
"Yes, but suppose you don't die?"

The Oyster.

"Now," asked the teacher, "who can tell me what an oyster is?"

Silence for a moment, while small brows were knit in strained effort at remembrance. Then little Tommy's facial muscles relaxed and eagerly he raised his hand.

"I know!" he triumphantly announced. "An oyster is a fish built like a nut!"

Wore Them Long.

"Strange," said the first tramp, meditatively, "how few of our youthful dreams ever come true!"

"Oh, I dunno," said his companion; "I remember when I used to dream about wearin' long pants, and now I guess I wear 'em longer than any one else in the country."

Changed Her Request.

Thackeray tells of a peasant woman begging alms from him, who, seeing him putting his hands in his pockets, said:

"May the blessings of Providence follow you!" but when he only pulled out his snuff box she immediately added, "and never overtake you."

Didn't Sleep With Them.

A gentleman who had called to see Mr. B— found his little son, Frank, in the library rubbing his eyes and gaping.

"Sleepy?" he inquired.

"I'm" grunted Frank.

"I suppose you usually go to bed with the chickens," smiled the visitor.

"No, I don't!" snapped Frank. "I have a little bed in my room all to myself."

Evolution.

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam called her wo-man.
But when she woo'd with love so kind,
He then pronounced it woo-man.
But now with folly and with pride,
Their husbands' pockets brimming,
The ladies are so full of whims
That people call them whim-men.

Awakened.

Billy—"Do you believe in signs?"

Milly—"Yes, indeed."

Billy—"Well, last night I dreamed you were madly in love with me. What is that a sign of?"

Milly—"That's a sign you were dreaming."

They Could Sing.

The teacher had noticed something queer about the rendering of a certain line of a hymn frequently used in morning school. One morning she determined to get to the bottom of the mystery. Listening intently, she traced the peculiarity to Johnny.

"Sing it by yourself, Johnny," she commanded.

Johnny did so, and instead of the line "Weak and sinful though we be" he gave as his rendering, "We can sing, full though we be."

His chubby appearance might be taken as evidence of the probability of his assertion.

Needn't Own It.

Even doctors are not always literal in their prescriptions.

"You must take exercise," said the doctor to a patient. "The motor car in a case like yours gives the best exercise that——"

"But I cannot afford a car, on insurance pay," the patient growled.

"Don't buy one, just dodge 'em!" said the doctor.

He Asked Too Much.

"I have a stenographer now," proclaimed a prominent business man, "who comes pretty close to being a prize. She is always punctual, always neat and her manners are perfect. She has a pleasant voice; she is nice to look at, and she doesn't chew gum. She never flirts with the young men in the office, and she is never impertinent."

"Almost a prize?" repeated one who was listening. "Why, she's almost too good to be true. What's the matter with her?"

"She can't take dictation and she doesn't know how to use a typewriter."

"Well, a fellow can't have everything perfect."

You Never Can Tell.

"When you poke a toad," said old Farmer Hornbeck, philosophically, "you can't tell which way he will jump, nor how far; an' it is jest about the same way with a jury."

"That so?" returned young Jay Green, in a noncommittal way.

"Yep. For instance, in the case of Plunk Jarvis, who has jest been tried over at Kickyhasset courthouse for pullin' out his brother-in-law's whiskers by the roots in a fight, the jury discharged Plunk an' fined his brother-in-law ten cents, the regular price of a shave."—Puck.

Hard to Live Up to It.

"Do you try to make home life pleasant for your son?"

"Yes," replied Farmer Corntossel. "But it's mighty hard to live up to the refined ways he insists on. I'm annoyin' him terrible because when I'm workin' around the barn I keep forgettin' to refer to the hayloft as the mezzanine floor."

What the Public Wanted.

With hisses and groans the audience greeted the new play. All hope, then, was at an end.

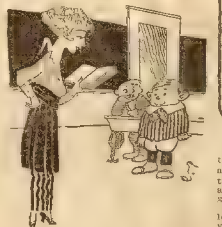
"It's hard to tell just what the public wants!" murmured the heartbroken author.

"It's easy enough to tell in this case," said the manager, grimly. "It wants its money back."

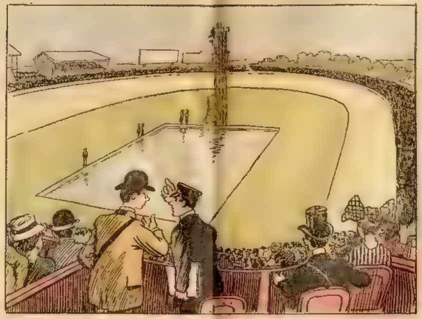
His Fond Hope.

"The day isn't far distant when the man in the flying machine will look down upon the automobilist," said the prophetic youth.

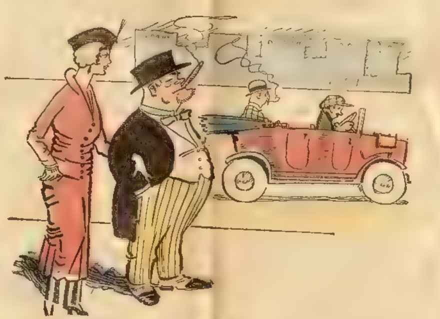
"And let up hope, too," replied the weary old pedestrian, "that he'll fall down on him, too."



Teacher—"Willie, what was the Sherman Act?"
Willie—"Marching through Georgia."



"What do I pay $3 admission for—there's nothing going on here, and it was advertised as a contest to break records."
"Excuse me, sir; the aviator up there is flying so high that you can't see him; the automobilist is going so fast that you can't see him, and you don't see the diver because he's under the water."



Daughter—"Papa, that's the duke; he's traveling incognito."
Pa—"You don't say! Why can't we get the same kind of a machine?"

His Suggestion.

It is told of a certain famous painter that on one occasion he was taken by an American millionaire through his picture-gallery. It contained, apparently, a very bad collection of pictures, and the great artist was very bored.

"Mr. ——," the millionaire said at length, gazing with pride on the canvases, "I've decided to leave my pictures to some public institution. What institution would you suggest?"

A "blind asylum," said the painter.

The Escape.

A Wisconsin farmer, seeing an advertisement for a good fire-escape for two dollars, sent for it. In a few days he received a copy of the New Testament, and declared he had been swindled.

Picked Up a Rope.

A man who had been convicted of theft was put into the town stocks. A passer-by, observing his sad state, stopped and spoke to the man.

"What did you do?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing. I just found an old piece of rope on the road and picked it up."

"And is it possible that they have punished you in this way for simply picking up an old piece of rope?"

"Yes—only it seems that there was a cow at the end of the rope."

A Good Majority.

A hospital surgeon was imparting some clinical instruction to half a dozen students who accompanied him on his rounds. Pausing at the bedside of a doubtful case, he said:

"Now, gentlemen, do you think this is or is not a case for operation?"

One by one the students made their diagnosis and all of them came to the conclusion that it was not.

"Well, gentlemen, you are all wrong," said the wielder of the scalpel, "and I shall operate tomorrow."

"No, you won't!" exclaimed the patient, as he rose from his bed. "Six to one is a good majority. Give me my clothes."

Couldn't Follow Him.

At a small country church a newly married couple were receiving some advice as to their future conduct.

"You must never both get cross at once; it is the husband's duty to protect his wife; and a wife must love and obey her husband and follow him wherever he goes."

"But, sir——" pleaded the young bride.

"I haven't finished yet," remarked the clergyman. "She must——"

"But, please, sir, can't you alter that last part? My husband is a postman."

From Irish Pastures.

Gentleman (riding on jaunting car, which is just passing a large mansion, to driver)—"Who lives there, Pat?"

"Och, shure, it's Mr. O'Flaherty—but he's dade."

"And what did he die of, Pat?"

"Faith, thin, he died of a Tuesday."

"And how long has he been dead?"

"Shure, yer honor, if he'd lived till tomorrow he'd have been dade a fortnight."

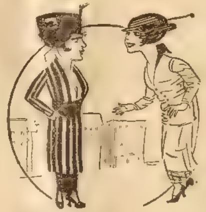
Could He Do It?

At an Eastern military academy the night guard heard a noise. "Halt! Who goes there?" he called, in accordance with army regulations. It was another student bent on midnight frolic, and he answered "Moses." This frivolous and utter disregard of military rule brought back the command, the guard probably suspecting the other's identity, "Advance, Moses, and give the Ten Commandments."

Overcoming Difficulties.

"So you got your poem printed?"

"Yes," replied the determined author. "I sent the first stanza to Uncle Know-It-All's column with the inquiry: 'Can any one give me the rest of this poem?' Then I sent in the complete poem over another name."



Belle—"Listen, Dolly, can you keep a secret?"
Dolly—"No more than you can. Spring it!"

He Was Too Hasty.

The soldiers were dining, and orderlies were hastening back and forth with pails of steaming soup. Wolseley stopped one of them and ordered him to remove the lid of his pail. The man obeyed promptly, and the General said: "Let me taste it."

"But——" began the orderly.

"Let me taste it, I say," exclaimed the General, testily. "Disgraceful!" he exclaimed. "It's for all the world like dishwater."

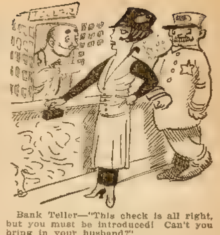
"That's what it is, sir," said the orderly, saluting gravely.

Unable to Swim.

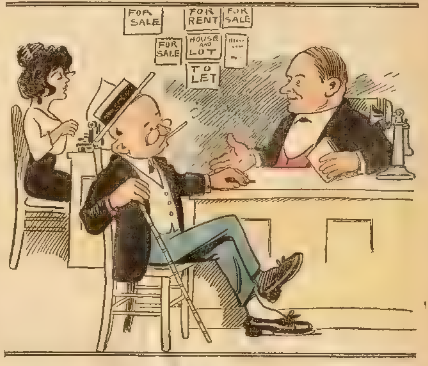
An Oklahoma editor was much interested in a scientific note he encountered in a New York paper to the effect that if the earth were flattened the sea would be two miles deep all over the world.

The editor reprinted the note with the following comment:

"If any man is caught flattening the earth, shoot him on the spot. There's a whole lot of us in this State that can't swim."



Bank Teller—"This check is all right, but you must be introduced! Can't you bring in your husband?"
Woman—"Who, Jack! Why, if Jack thought you wanted an introduction to me he'd knock your block off."



Jones—"I want to buy an abandoned farm. Have you any such?"
Real Estate Man—"Er—no, but I know six farmers who will abandon theirs tomorrow if they think they can sell 'em that way!"

Tender-Hearted.

"He is the most tender-hearted man I sever saw."

"Kind to animals?"

"I should say so. Why, when he found the family cat insisted on sleeping in the coal-bin, he immediately ordered a ton of soft coal."

The Weaker Sex.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, the anti-suffragist said at an anti-suffrage tea in New York:

"They call woman the weaker sex. Yet I have known more than one woman to bend a man's will during his life and break it after his death."

A Great Difference.

"What is the difference between a philosopher and an optimist?"

"Well, a philosopher takes things as they come, while an optimist, if they come with the dark side uppermost, turns them over."

Taken at His Word.

A suburban minister during his discourse one Sunday morning said: "In each blade of grass there is a sermon."

The following day one of his flock discovered the good man pushing a lawnmower about, and paused to say:

"Well, parson, I'm glad to see you engaged in cutting your sermons short."

Why?

Man at Desk—"Why do you claim a trombone player is less of a bore than a pianist?"

Man in Chair—"He is, because he doesn't get the chance. He doesn't find a trombone in every home he visits."

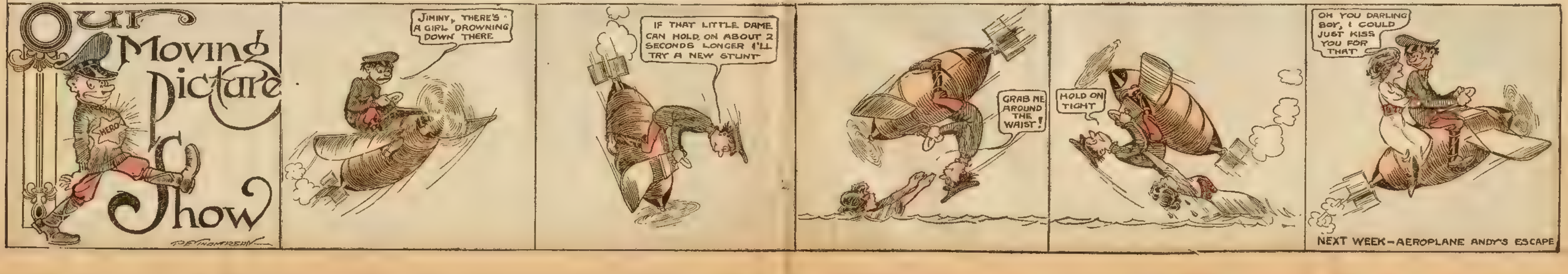
Tasteful Mourning.

"Smith is the most remarkable and sentimental man I have ever heard of."

"How so?"

"His wife was a blonde and a week after she died he married a brunette."

Aeroplane Andy's Adventures



Our Moving Picture Show
HERO
P. E. THOMPSON
JIMINY, THERE'S A GIRL DROWNING DOWN THERE
IF THAT LITTLE DAME CAN HOLD ON ABOUT 2 SECONDS LONGER I'LL TRY A NEW STUNT
GRAB ME AROUND THE WAIST!
HOLD ON TIGHT
OH YOU DARLING BOY, I COULD JUST KISS YOU FOR THAT
NEXT WEEK—AEROPLANE ANDY'S ESCAPE

Red Dick O'Laughlin

Or, THE CHIHUAHUA TRAIL

By Stephen Gaillard, Author of "Frontivard, the Terrible"

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CHAPTER XIX.

KIDNAPED.

WHEN Red Dick found himself literally dumped into the empty room which was to be his prison, with as little ceremony as if he had been a bale of merchandise, it took all his fortitude to prevent his yielding to despair. Behind him, however, in his checkered career, were more hairbreadth escapes than he could have conveniently counted; and within him was the indomitable optimism of the Celt. Therefore, instead of lying quietly on his back as the soldiers had placed him, he managed to wriggle over to the wall of the room, where, with the aid of head and shoulders, he succeeded in raising himself to a sitting position.

A straggling ray of moonlight made a splotch of silver on the floor in front of him, and by its light he could see that the room was bare of furniture, also that its single window was without bars or glass, the latter probably having been knocked out when the place was looted by the Constitutionalists. Feeling less helpless in his new position, Red Dick began to consider the situation. He was at least a long way from being a dead man, and if only he were not bound, a great deal might yet be done. For some moments he sat listening intently and finally came to the conclusion that no sentry was posted outside his door. Perhaps the commandant of the garrison in the house was not so keenly sensible of his value as was Colonel Bandera.

He now bent all his faculties to the solution of the problem of releasing himself from the bonds that were galling him. Presently he succeeded, without toppling over from his sitting position, in shifting himself until he sat sidewise to the wall. That done, he began to rock himself gently to and fro. At each oscillation the end of the ebony stick that was thrust under his knees struck against the wall. The stick was smooth, nay more, it was polished, and with a glow of exultation he felt it slip a little at each blow. He continued the oscillation with slightly accelerated vigor. After what seemed an interminable length of time, the end of the stick was even with one of the hands which was bound to it. Full of hope, Red Dick began to twist and pull the cords that bound him with all his might. At last, after he had begun to lose hope, he felt the stick slip from under one knee.

The rest was easy. Quickly slipping off the cords he stood up and stretched his limbs. Hope returned in full tide. He exulted in his strength, his daring. To win his way out of that house, closely guarded as it was, seemed now an easy matter.

He went to the door and tried it. It was locked, but of course he had expected that. It opened outward, and he felt that it would be no great feat to break it down. That would make a noise, however, and noise was not to be desired under the circumstances. As he paused, considering the matter, he heard a noise of heavy wheels on the gravel beneath the window. The noise ceased. Whatever vehicle the wheels belonged to had stopped. A gruff vioce spoke something in a low tone. To Red Dick the voice had a familiar sound. Where had he heard it before? He tiptoed to the window.

"By the Eternal! Pancho Villa!"

A strongly built roadster had stopped before the door of the Casa Oquendo. The rebel chief was in the act of stepping from it. He spoke again to the chauffeur, who followed him into the house.

"I wonder if he is coming to see me," muttered Red Dick.

Tiptoeing across the room again, he picked up the ebony cane and waited. "He'll expect to find me bound," he thought, "and—he'll catch a tartar."

One thing Red Dick was resolved upon: He would not again be taken alive. He waited, standing close beside the door, cane in hand, ready to strike down his enemy the moment it was opened. The spirit of the Celt within him was keyed to desperate daring. He felt a fiery exaltation of spirit, which, had he known it, was ready to burst forth into a wild chant of challenge and defiance.

There was a heavy step in the corridor outside. He braced himself, with jaw set and eyes that burned like red-hot coals. But the step did not come toward his door; instead, it went the other way.

"Ha! not my turn yet; perhaps it will never be my turn."

He went to the window again. The roadster was empty. The window was above and a little to the left of the entrance to the house. Unlike most Mexican houses belonging to the wealthy class, there was no portico in front of the entrance. Red Dick took stock of the surroundings. Directly in front of the window was a big cypress tree. A daring leap might land him in its branches. Looking down he saw that about three feet below him a wide cornice ran the whole length of the side of the house. There was another window about twenty feet to the right that must open into the corridor outside his door. The eyes of the Celt gleamed. If he were outside on the cornice he could not be seen, save by some one standing directly below, on account of the cypress tree. In an instant he was out of the window and his feet touched the cornice. If only that other window should be open!

Step by step, his back pressed flat against the wall of the house, he traversed the distance, his outstretched hand feeling for the window on the right. At last! He had reached it. Ah, thank God! It was open. Grasping the casing, Red Dick turned carefully around, and crouching upon the cornice, peered down the corridor within the house. It was empty, save for a solitary figure leaning on a rifle beside a door on the side opposite the room Red Dick had quitted. From the door issued a thin ray of light which showed him that the figure's back was toward him.

The Celt was a big man, but never did jaguar creeping upon his prey tread more lightly than he as he crept down the corridor. From the partly opened door came the sound of voices—voices which he knew—in hot altercation. His heart leaped within him. If only the figure beside the door did not turn before he could reach him. Ha! with one quick stride he was upon him! Tonto Novera, the chauffeur, was a powerful man of his inches, but he was like a babe in a giant's grasp. With one hand in a vise-like grip upon his throat, the other clutching the Mauser rifle, Red Dick laid him gently upon the floor. It was all over in an instant. The chauffeur would never breathe again.

The Celt turned toward the open door, his fierce heart flaming in his eyes.

There are three Pancho Villas: The victorious general, holding in the hollow of his hand the destinies of his party, perhaps of his nation; the bandit, licentious and brutal, regardless of law—life of man or honor of woman; then there is the Pancho Villa who, on a day, begged upon his knees his life of Victoriano Huerta, the Tlascalan Indian. It was the third Pancho Villa who faced Red Dick in the chamber of the Casa Oquendo. Raising his hands above his head, he retreated before the leveled rifle; back, back, until he reached the wall and could go no farther.

To Trevelyan's exclamation of astonishment Red Dick responded curtly:

"No time to talk now; we've other things to do. Unbuckle his belt and secure his guns."

"But my daughter?"

"She's all right. Villa lied. Do as I tell you, and be quick. We haven't any time to lose."

"Listen," said Villa, "spare my life and I will let you both go free, I swear it upon the honor of Villa."

"I've no faith in the honor of Villa, thank you. Billy, keep him covered with that gun. I might miss, but we both won't."

"You can't escape," Villa went on. The house is full of soldiers. I have but to cry out to bring them upon you."

"Try it, and it will be the last shout you will ever utter. Billy, you're a friend of Dominick Oquendo's, and ought to know his house pretty well. Is there any way out of it except through the patio?"

"Yes," said Trevelyan, "there is a stairway leading from this corridor down to the front door. I think this fellow came up that way."

"Good! Now listen, Pancho Villa." Red Dick strode close up to the rebel chief, who flinched before the steely glitter of his eyes. "My friend and I are going out of here, and you are going with us. Of course, you can prevent it. Just shout, and the soldiers will come, and we will die fighting; but tomorrow Carranza will choose another chief for his army."

"Will you let me go when you have got out?"

"We're making no promises except this: One outcry, one word, one gesture to show that you do not go with us of your own free will, and Pancho Villa dies—not like a soldier at the head of his troops, but like a dog, shot down by escaping prisoners. Billy, hand me one of those revolvers. Now, go first; now you, Pancho Villa; and remember, if you make one false move—so much as a motion of the head or a gesture of the hand—I will drive a bullet through the black heart of you."

What emotions surged through the heart of the rebel chief as the trio crossed the corridor, stepping over Tonto Novera's lifeless body, to the stairway Trevelyan had mentioned, what wild, despairing impulse seared his brain as they reached the lower hall and he saw two soldiers throwing dice upon the floor, no one but himself will ever know. But that death was written for him if he made any attempt to attract their attention, he knew—knew by the glitter he had seen in Red Dick's eyes—and he followed Trevelyan quietly out of the door and down the steps to the roadster. Had he been in battle he would have led his men dauntlessly in the teeth of the most withering fire, but to die thus—thus ignobly after soaring the heights of fame—brave as he was, his heart recoiled from the thought.

"Billy, can you run one of those machines?" said Red Dick.

"Sure," said Trevelyan. "I can make my living as a chauffeur when I get back to the States if I lose everything in this mess down here."

"Very well, then, crank up and get in. Villa you take the seat beside the chauffeur; and remember I am right behind you with my finger on the trigger."

The guard at the gate, recognizing Red Dick by his hair, may have wondered somewhat to see the prisoner, who had arrived in ignominious bonds but a little while before, come out in company with their general; but as he appeared to be upon the very best of terms with the redoubted chief, chatting pleasantly as they opened the gate, while General Villa sat sideways with his face turned toward the back of the machine in order to hear the better, they did not feel called upon to inquire into matters which apparently did not concern them. For the same reason they did not think it necessary to call their officer, who was at the moment engaged in a very interesting game of cards in the patio, and certainly would not like to be disturbed. The General doubtless had his own reasons for releasing the prisoners, and who were they, poor soldiers, to pry into his motives. Also, if the General chose to have one of the prisoners act as chauffeur, that, too, was his business. Perhaps for some reason he wanted to do the Gringo dog an honor. Could they have heard Red Dick's order, given in a low fierce tone as the machine approached the gate—"Turn around here and face me. I don't trust your back; and look interested in what I say to you, or you will never look interested in anything again"—they would no doubt have found it very enlightening; but as it was, they brought their rifles to present as the roadster whizzed through the gate, little dreaming of the true state of affairs.

"Pablo," said one of them, as he and his comrade looked after the speeding auto, "doesn't it seem strange to you that the General should take the north road instead of going back to the city?"

"Oh, he has reasons of his own, no doubt. Perhaps he's going to take them beyond the lines and let them go. Don't bother your head about what you don't understand, Tony."

The officer in command of an outpost two miles outside the town, who, being educated and an officer, should have been more alert than Pablo and Tony, dismissed the matter as lightly.

"Wonder what the game is?" he said, puffing at his cigarette as he watched the cloud of dust in which the roadster was disappearing. "I guess the chief has got what he wants out of the Gringos, and is going to let them go."

CHAPTER XX.

A MISSING GENERAL.

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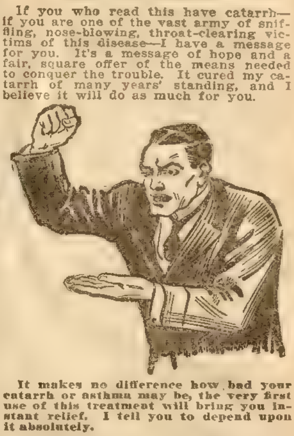

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not to be disturbed," said the orderly outside the door of General Villa's chamber in the Governor's palace

"But we have news, important news," said Colonel Bandera, impatiently, news that he will be glad to be awakened to hear."

"But, my Colonel, I dare not. You know how he is if his orders are not obeyed."

"I will take the responsibility."

"But, my Colonel, I am but a poor soldier. He may only be angry with you, but he will have me shot."

A Sergeant, who had probably been awakened from a doze in some corner, came down the corridor.

"What is it, my Colonel?" he said, saluting.

"I wish to see General Villa to give him important news, and this pig refuses to let me pass."

"He has his orders, my Colonel, but——"

Bandera took a peso from his pocket and slipped it into the Sergeant's hand.

'Well, my Colonel, the fact is I saw Tonto Novera, the General's chauffeur, in a machine at the back gate of the palace but a little while ago."

"Ah, I see. Where, then, has the General gone?"

"I cannot say, my Colonel. It might be to make the rounds of the outposts, it might be to the Casa Oquendo, or——"

"The Casa Oquendo! Why we have just come from there. Is it possible we could have passed him on the way?"

"Quite possible, my Colonel. He seldom drives through the main streets when he is out at night."

"Come, Lieutenant Salvator," said Bandera, "if it should be that he has gone to the Casa Oquendo, we can take it as a lucky omen for the news we bear."

The two officers hurried out of the palace and into the rickety automobile in which they had come from the Casa Oquendo.

"Do you know, my Colonel," said Lieutenant Salvator, as Pedro Badajos guided the archaic relic of the automobile industry through the streets at considerable risk of having it fly to pieces beneath them, "that the General very seldom sleeps in the same place where he is supposed to have retired to rest?"

"And why, Lieutenant?"

"He alone knows, my Colonel; but it is a fact that he will dismiss his staff, telling them he wishes to retire, and then appear in the morning from some other entirely different place. Heaven only knows from where, but very seldom from where he was supposed to be."

"But some one must know—Tonto Novera tonight, for instance."

"Oh, no; he would dismiss Tonto Novera when he was through with him, and either walk or ride horseback, his face muffled in a cloak or poncho, to where he intended to sleep."

"Why do you suppose he acts thus?"

"As I said before, my Colonel, he alone knows; though if I might give a guess, I should say that his distrust of men is very, very deep."

"And women?"

"Oh, more so, my Colonel; he trusts them not at all."

"Well, the General's life has been full of vicissitudes; perhaps his deep suspicion of his kind arises from memories of days when he was a hunted man. But here we are again at the Casa Oquendo."

"General Villa, my Colonel?" said the Sergeant, Pablo, looking somewhat surprised to see Bandera and Salvator returned so soon. "Why he has but just left here, perhaps a quarter of an hour ago."

"Which way did he go?"

"He went by the north road. He was in the automobile."

"The north road? Why he would be leaving the city that way."

"Nevertheless it is as I have told you, my Colonel. Two others went with him."

Two others! A feeling of sudden alarm swept over Bandera, a chill of vague apprehension.

"Two others you say! Who were they? Were they Mexicans? Speak, man! Have you lost your tongue? Don't stand there looking like a half-wit."

"No, no, my Colonel," replied the terrified Sergeant, "they were not Mexicans. One of them was the prisoner——"

"Not the prisoner we brought here?"

"Yes, my Colonel, yes! Santa Dolores! one of them was he."

A scorching blasphemy leaped from Bandera's lips. He seized the Sergeant by the throat: "And you, you traitor, booby, pig! You let them pass?"

"What could I do?" gasped Pablo, half-choking and wholly terrified. "Could I presume to question my General? He was with them of his own free will, I could swear it. He was even listening to the words of the red-haired one as if they were very pleasant to hear."

Bandera released his hold of the Sergeant's throat, looking dumfounded. "Free! Chatting amicably with Red Dick O'Laughlin! Nombre de Dios. Who was the other one?" he said, turning again to Pablo.

"The Gringo they call Trevelyan, the one the General has come here often to see. Tonto Novera pointed him out to me one day when he walked in the patio, as is permitted sometimes."

Bandera looked at the Sergeant as if he could not believe his ears, or else thought Pablo was telling him a preposterous, unbelievable falsehood.

"My Colonel," said Salvator, quietly, "it would seem that there is some mystery here. Would it not be well to follow the General? It is possible some harm has befallen him."

"You are right, Lieutenant, and no time is to be lost; but this affair must be kept quiet. Its effects might be ruinous—to ourselves if we are mistaken; to the army if our suspicions are well founded." He paused and looked keenly at Salvator. "Do you dare take the chance of Villa's anger, boy," he said slowly, "by telling Juan Tello that I am released from arrest and restored to my command? I must have my regiment tonight, even if I am shot for it tomorrow."

Salvator's face paled a little, but he answered firmly, "I will dare the chance, my Colonel. If General Villa has been carried off he will forgive the lie that brings men to his rescue; and if not—well, I can die but once."

Major Gustavo Fierro, returning to his quarters from a rendezvous which concerned nobody in particular save himself, was startled, and his horse likewise, by the asthmatic wheezing and coughing of what sounded like some grotesque animal, but which, when it came into view, turned out to be only Pedro Badajos' automobile relic. The Major, having been nearly thrown by the rearing and plunging of his horse, was naturally indignant that such a monstrosity should be allowed at large, and rode across its path, to the renewed danger of his seat in the saddle, to see who its occupants might be. His surprise when he saw Bandera and Salvator may be imagined.

"What the devil! Is this a masquerade?" he inquired somewhat heatedly of Colonel Bandera. "I thought you were under arrest."

I was, or am, or whatever you like," said Bandera, "for there is no time for quibbling, and you are the very man I would have wished most to see at this moment."

"Diablo! you take things pretty coolly," said the Major, "but I doubt if General Villa will be as calm when he hears of it. I fear it is my painful duty to place both you gentlemen under arrest."

"Nombre di Dios, Fierro!" exclaimed Bandera, in an agony of impatience, "if you will just get off your horse and listen to me for two minutes, you can afterward do whatever you like, and I will utter no protest."

The automobile had been brought to a stop, and Major Fierro, somewhat impressed, dismounted and led his horse alongside.

Briefly, but with the earnestness of a man who felt that great issues were at stake, Bandera explained the situation to him. When he had finished, Fierro gave a long, low whistle. "Diablo! it is indeed serious," he said. "Bandera, your pardon for my flippancy. I had no idea of the news you bore. As I understand you, you and Lieutenant Salvator were planning for you to get back the command of your regiment and lead them in pursuit, were you not?"

"Yes."

"Very well, with your permission I will supplement your plan: After you left his quarters last evening, General Villa gave orders for General Gonzales to start in pursuit of your friend, Catamount Palmer, this morning before dawn; as part of Gonzales' command, I was to leave with my squadron an hour in advance of the main body; now then, we will inform Major Tello that you are restored to the command of your regiment, and that you are to march with me as Gonzales' advance guard. It will be all the easier because no formal order for your arrest was issued; and in that way we can get out of the city without any appearance of irregularity. This affair may mean an upheaval, and then again, it may come out all right, but, as a friend and loyal officer of General Villa's I think you will agree with me that it is not best that General Natera should know about it until we ourselves can see a little farther ahead."

Bandera and Salvator acquiesced heartily in Major Fierro's supplement to their plan; and something less than two hours later, just as a dim glow in the east announced the approach of dawn, the united commands swept at a trot past the last outpost, and disappeared northward in a cloud of dust, the commander of the post watching them between puffs of his cigarette, even as he had watched the automobile bearing General Villa, and no doubt commenting as

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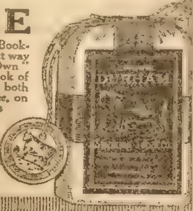

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sagely upon the latter departure as upon the former.

CHAPTER XXI.

FLIGHT.

OUT over the plain, dotted with thickets of mesquite and cactus, northward toward the foothills, careered the gray roadster. The machine had not been built for a racing car, but for all that it might have given many a racer a run for the money. At the wheel sat old Billy Trevelyan, tight-lipped and grim as any dare-devil driver risking life and limb for a world's record. A world's record! It is not likely that the occupants of the roadster stopped to consider the matter, but it is not beyond the range of historical probability to say that in the swift-flying gray roadster the fate of Mexico was riding that night. The three men whose lives hung upon the issue of a desperate chance rode in silence, silence broken only now and then by monosyllabic instructions as to their course from Red Dick.

"Catamount Palmer will be hovering in the skirts of the foothills," he had said to Trevelyan, when once they were fairly out upon the plain. "Head her a little west of north, and we ought to run into him before this gas-buggy sheds a tire or throws a somersault."

To the west the silver disk of the setting moon stooped low behind the Sierra, its oblique rays making upon the plain an eerie play of light and shadow; to the east a faint glow along the horizon told of the coming dawn. Directly in front loomed a mesa, a grotesque mass, its base in shadow, its summit still gilded by the rays of the descending moon. From the shadows around its base half a dozen smaller shadows detached themselves as the gray roadster sped onward.

"Those should be Catamount Palmer's men, Billy," said Red Dick, leaning forward, "but you never can tell, this country is so full of prowlers. Head her for the end man toward the east in that line, and hold hard for a sudden turn. If they prove to be enemies, we will show them a clean pair of heels if the gas-buggy holds out."

Trevelyan swung the machine a little to the right and slowed down to twenty miles an hour. Half a dozen more shadows had detached themselves from the blackness that enveloped the foot of the mesa, and the whole line was spreading out with the evident intention of enveloping the quarry. Trevelyan swung still more to the right, so that the gray roadster was racing along almost parallel to the front of the line, while three men from its eastern flank were galloping forward at top speed to intercept him.

"Full speed ahead," growled Red Dick, "or those fellows will cut us off. Wish I knew for sure who they are."

Trevelyan threw the lever into the high, and the gray roadster leaped forward, going sixty miles an hour. Of the three horsemen who were trying to intercept them, only one had the shadow of a chance. He was mounted upon a big, rawboned horse with the speed of a Derby winner.

Suddenly Red Dick gave a shout of joy. "Check her, Billy, check her!" he exclaimed, "I may not be able to recognize the men yonder in this light, but I know that horse. It's Devil Dan, my own old pal."

As the machine slowed down, Devil Dan's rider turned and trotted toward it. "Who are you?" he shouted, as he drew near.

"Billy Trevelyan, Red Dick O'Laughlin, and Pancho Villa!" shouted back Red Dick.

The man on Devil Dan shouted back an impolite comment upon Red Dick's veracity, but, nevertheless, he put spurs to the sorrel.

"Well, I'll be ——" and Catamount Palmer, who seldom swore, uttered a blistering oath as he pulled up beside the automobile.

What Pancho Villa's reflections had been during the wild chase across the moonlit plain, it would be difficult to guess; but certain it is that never in his life had every faculty of mind and body been more alert, or desperate daring keyed to a higher pitch. As his captors closed around the automobile, and, under Catamount Palmer's orders, proceeded at a trot toward the mesa, and he looked in their fierce faces, he read death in every one—in Catamount Palmer's steely eyes, in Hurlbut's and Tilford's sullen glances, in Billy Trevelyan's iron jaw, set hard and grim with the memory of deadly insult. Red Dick, the crafty, might counsel sparing him as a hostage until the band was safe across the Rio Grande; but ah! that would be worse than death! That would mean ignominy before all the world.

They hardly mentioned his name, these men, as eager question and brief reply flew back and forth among them; but he

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knew that he was the uppermost thought in all their minds; and as he watched and listened Villa, the bandit—the hunted animal, came uppermost, cunning and desperate. He knew that a band of men are less vigilant than one or two, and watched and waited for his chance.

Near the foot of the mesa a great rock outcropped, and behind it, sheltered from the plain where the increasing light was making objects dangerously visible, the portion of the band which had intercepted the automobile rejoined the main body; and a woman, mounted on a big black horse, who was with the latter, leaped lightly to the ground, and in another minute was clasped in Billy Trevelyan's arms. When eager questions had been asked and answered, she turned, with her father's arm still around her, and held out her hand to Red Dick with such words and such a look as set the Celt within him singing—not a chant of battle now, but a lyric of love.

Billy Trevelyan had leaped from the automobile to greet his daughter. Red Dick had done the same, his heart too full of happiness to think of aught else. Pancho Villa was left alone in the machine which still throbbed like a thing of life, ready to leap forward at a touch of the driver's hand at a speed no horse could follow. True, the rebel chief was surrounded by a ring of foes, but they, intent upon the idyl that was being enacted before them, were engaged in giving three cheers for Billy Trevelyan and Billy Trevelyan's daughter; and between them was a lane, narrow, but still possible for a skilled driver to pass through, straight to a corner of the rock, beyond which lay the open plain.

To slip into the chauffeur's seat, to start the machine and throw the lever into the high, to throw the steering wheel over and head for the corner of the rock, was the work of so many seconds; and with a succession of staccato coughs, that faded into a steady purr, a swish, a whir of wheels, the roadster whirled through the lane of men and horses, rounded the corner of the rock—and was gone.

A dozen shots were fired after the fugitive, which may have done damage to the buttress of rock, but certainly to nothing else; a score of the band galloped out into the plain and emptied their rifles at the swaying roadster, which was half a mile away by that time; and they might just as well, as Tilford remarked afterward, have shot at a streak of lightning.

"It was too good to be true," said Red Dick, regretfully, as the pursuers returned with chagrin written plainly on their faces, "and we'll never have another such chance at that devil."

"Yes, but it won't be his fault if he doesn't have another chance at us," said Catamount Palmer. "His escape means that we will have to burn up the trail between here and the Rio Grande. From here we'll head straight for Spring Valley, as we call our rendezvous in the mountains; there we can get fresh horses and ten more men, then, with the nags we're on traveling light for remounts, we'll push on night and day for the river."

"Good! you were born to be a general, Catamount," said Billy Trevelyan, "and we can't start too soon to suit me, for I won't feel at ease in my mind until my little girl is safe in God's country."

This story, developing very thrilling happenings, will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming months.

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A Wife's Tragedy

(Continued from page three.)

pletely hid from sight any occupant of the room. I was about to put this aside when some words the man was uttering fell distinctly on my ear. I paused, and, noiselessly closing the door behind me, stood listening with all my might.

"'You must admit that the plot was a masterly one,' I heard in clear, slow accents, 'and accomplished a twofold object. I swore to be revenged on you for your scorn of me, and I have woven a net from which you cannot now escape. I have followed you every step of the way here—I even traveled unseen by you, in the same train, and now my time has come.'

"It was Denzil Carisforth, I knew, who was speaking, and, greatly as I longed to spring to Geraldine's side to protect her from him, I waited, on hearing him speak thus, in the hope that he would still further, perhaps, confess to his own villainy. As I did, Geraldine's voice broke in:

"'No, no!' she cried. 'Leave me—oh, for pity's sake, leave me!'

"'Never again, I trust, dear girl,' was his mocking answer. 'We will begin life over with each other. Every one now believes that we left Carisforth together, so you cannot go back, even if you wished. I have waited long for you—reward my patience and come!'

"'Oh, cease!' she implored. 'It is useless. The sight of you is hateful to me. Go, I implore you, and never let me see your face again!'

"'But what will become of you if I do?' the slow, hateful voice went on. 'You have no choice, for you are ruined already. No one believes you innocent.'

"'Yes, I do!' I cried, rushing forward.

"'Hilary! Thank Heaven!' Geraldine cried.

"Like a broken flower she fell into my outstretched arms in a deathlike unconsciousness.

"With an oath Denzil turned upon me.

"'Who are you to come between us?' he cried.

"'One who has heard you own yourself the villain you are!' I answered as I laid Geraldine's unconscious form on the floor. 'Go! You have played the game out and lost it. I will proclaim your awful wickedness to all the world, but first to Lionel Carisforth, whom you have deceived so bitterly.'

"'He will believe you, you think?' Denzil said with a sneer. 'I remember now—you are the actress. Did my cousin always think so highly of you and your profession that your testimony would have any weight with him?'

"My heart sank. This was a possibility that had not before occurred to me, and I was powerless to dispute his words.

"For three weeks—three terrible, never-to-be-forgotten weeks—she passed from fit to fit of wild raving, a long-drawn-out agony of a brain that never one instant slumbered; and then Geraldine Carisforth's sufferings were forever ended. It was in my arms that at length she sank exhausted and sighed away her last breath.

"I had been distracted at first between the double duty of caring for her and the child, for, although I had called in a nurse to Geraldine's aid, it required myself as well to assist. But on the day after she was taken ill a very superior-looking woman dressed as a nurse had appeared at my lodgings and informed me that she had been sent by Mr. Carisforth's orders to take away the poor infant. My tears fell fast as I kissed the little face, so wonderfully like her mother's, and I saw her depart with a strange foreboding of ill.

"It was on a chill, rainy October afternoon that my darling was laid to rest in the cemetery. Lionel Carisforth had paid no attention to my letters, full of passionate appeal for his wife, and the particulars of her illness and death. Husband, friends, the honors due to her position—all were absent. Only one friend, the friend who had loved and trusted her through all, followed Geraldine Carisforth to her last rest.

"I had sunk upon my knees in that last agonizing moment when the coffin was lowered out of my sight, when suddenly the October sun, hidden until now behind heavy rain-clouds, sent its pale-yellow beams streaming full aslant our little group, and as I looked up involuntarily the clergyman's voice, clear and thrilling, fell upon my ear uttering the words:

"'Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts.'

"The words seemed to sink into my very inmost being and to raise the dull, aching weight of sorrow which lay upon it. It gave hope that one day the truth may stand forth and be seen by all."

The conclusion of this thrilling story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year and we have stories awaiting publication that you cannot afford to miss

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Fly Smith's Waterloo.

(Continued from page eleven.)

as frivolous as the former dialogue, but, like it, was filled with deadly earnest.

"You bet your neck I did!"

"Pshaw! Well, I reckon the Lord has performed two miracles today. He got me out of this dad-blamed well, and re-elected the peskiest, orneriest, finest d— justice San Felipe ever had. I'll call it off, Bill. You got the Lord on your side, and I'll put up my hands. You can live!"

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It is wonderful to think that a man in Portland, Maine, can send a message almost instantaneously to a man in Albuquerque, New Mexico, but is this much more wonderful than that a merchant in New York or Chicago or San Francisco can almost instantaneously send a message by an advertisement in the Chicago Ledger to its over six million readers? With such power as this possessed by an advertiser in the Chicago Ledger it would seem as if readers of the Ledger should be sure to read the advertisements. Messages are contained in every one of them.

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Chicago Ledger

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1,250,000

COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

A fatted calf maketh a full stocking.

Some men are dough losers rather than breadwinners.

There are times when the truth is about as inspiring as a cold fried egg.

They say that happiness is a habit. Well, here's hoping you'll get the habit!

Indifference is the one thing capable of freezing the milk of human kindness.

No man ever lived long enough to do all the things his wife wanted him to do.

It is said that the truth will out—and it seems to be always out of some people.

Folks who say the right thing at the right time are as popular as they are scarce.

Some men wait for things to turn up, and some others turn them up while they wait.

Even the woman who enjoys a good cry may have a perfectly normal sense of humor.

Our funny language—A man feels put out when he discovers that he has been taken in.

There are two sides to every story. The victory we win spells defeat for the other chap.

When a man starts out to paint the town the police are pretty sure to catch him red-handed.

It's all right to decorate an old house with paint, but a cynical old face—well, that's different.

A man occasionally interferes with the affairs of a woman without getting the worst of it—in a novel.

Anyway, when a man accuses his wife of having married him for his money, he pays tribute to her good sense.

It has been said that a wise man never makes the same mistake twice. Yet the wisest may marry the second time.

Death must be a welcome relief to the man who is compelled to hustle eighteen hours daily in order to keep his life insurance premiums paid up.

Advantages Ledger Readers Have.

If the person who lives on a farm or in a small town should come to Chicago or go to New York, he or she would see in the shops of these big cities things that could not be bought at the nearest store at home or, things that could be bought cheaper. But the expense of coming to Chicago or going to New York would eat up all the profit a buyer could secure by making the trip. Think what advantages readers of the CHICAGO LEDGER have, therefore, in being able to buy in Chicago and New York, just as if they lived there, merely by using postage and answering the advertisements in the CHICAGO LEDGER.

PEPPERS

Worth the Price.

An officer who is a member of the G. A. R. tells the following: "In a Phoenix hotel one night," he said, "a number of veterans got into a dispute about the battle of Bull's Run. The veterans—all men of high rank—argued at length, but a quiet man spoke up and said:

"'Gentlemen, I happened to be there, and I think I can settle the point at issue.'

"And settle it he did. He settled it in a masterly manner. The hotel proprietor, much impressed, said to him when he got through:

"'My dear sir, what was your rank in the army?'

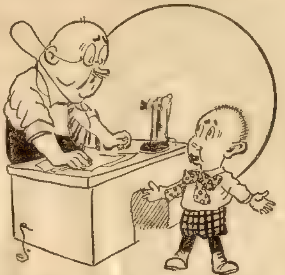
"'I was a private, sir, a full private,' was the calm reply.

"A short time afterward the private asked for his bill, since he was about to leave, but the proprietor said to him:

"'Not a cent, sir! Not a cent! You owe me nothing.'

"'Why, how's that?' the other demanded in bewilderment.

"'I couldn't dream of charging you, sir!' said the proprietor warmly. 'You are the first private I have ever met.'"



Employer—"Want more pay? Why, I only hired you last week."

Office Boy—"Yes, but it costs me more to live now! I used to let my mother cut my hair 'fore I got this job."

King's Private Barber.

An undersecretary of the Spanish legation told at a dinner party a little story about the King of Spain.

"King Alfonso," he began, "is fond of taking motor trips incog. He motored recently through a wild region of Castile. He put up with his modest entourage at a more than modest inn.

"'I am sure,' he said laughing, 'that they won't know me here!'

"Well, they did not know him there. They treated him like an ordinary traveler. So much so, in fact, that when he went to shave the next morning he found there was no mirror in his room. So he went down into the inn yard in his shirt sleeves and there a chambermaid brought him a broken piece of mirror, which he set up beside the well and proceeded to lather cheeks and chin.

"The girl stood chatting with him. Finally she said in an odd voice:

"'You are not just an ordinary traveler, are you?'

"'Why do you ask me that?' laughed the King.

"'I don't know,' said the maid. 'But there's something about you—perhaps you belong to the royal court at Madrid?'

"'Yes, I do,' he answered.

"'Perhaps you work for his majesty himself.'

"'Yes, I do.'

"'And what do you do for him?' asked the pretty chambermaid.

"'Oh, lots of things,' the King replied. 'I'm shaving him just now.'"

Fourteen-Karat Love.

Into a jewelry store there came a shy, pretty, young lady with her engagement ring, which had been bought there and which she would like to have changed.

The ring fitted her exactly and she was greatly pleased with the noble sentiment of the inscription. "Whate'er betide, let love abide;" but she did not like its arrangement.

Examination showed that the stolid, unimaginative old German engraver had carved in the sentence regardless of the ringmaker's little stamp of quality, and so it read: "Whate'er betide, let 14-K love abide."

The Work Cure.

"Little Miss" was waiting for John to come and spade her flowerbed early one beautiful spring morning. After waiting until her patience was gone, she began her own spading, in a most determined and provoked manner.

It was not long until old John appeared, with an amused smile on his old black face, and his tattered hat in hand, bowing and apologizing most humbly. In reply to Little Miss' inquiries as to what had made him late, he said:

"Well, Little Miss, it's jes' this way: Ez I wuz comin' by Miss Harney's, she said, 'John, can you come in and fix this flowerbed fur me?' And I jes' went in and resisted her a minute, and come right on. And, Little Miss, as I gits in sight, and sees you a-spadin' and a-rakin', I says to mysef, 'John, ef mo' high-bawned ladies struck a hones' sweat, they wouldn't be so much of this heah nervous perspiration. They sholy wouldn't.'"

An Inattentive Schoolboy.

Of course, little Johnny's full attention should have been upon the recitation in history that afternoon, but it wasn't. Through the window he could see a squirrel scampering up a tree and darting into his hole, only to poke his funny little nose out again presently and scuttle down for another nut to deposit in his storehouse. Wherefore, when the teacher asked him a question, Johnny was blissfully unaware that he had been called upon.

"Johnny!" exclaimed the teacher. "Johnny Jones!"

Johnny's head came round with a jerk—and so did his straying attention.

"Johnny Jones," said the teacher, sternly, "I don't believe you've heard a word I've said! "If you can't pay attention you can stay in after school, and—and give me your individual attention! I asked you how many years has Captain John Smith been dead?"

"Huh!" exclaimed the flustered Johnny. "Dead? Why, teacher, this is the first I've heard about his even being sick."

Unnecessary.

A hungry customer seated himself at a table in a quick lunch restaurant and ordered a chicken pie. When it arrived he raised the lid and sat gazing at the contents intently for a while. Then he called the waiter.

"Look here, Sam," he said, "what did I order?"

"Chicken pie, sah."

"And what have you brought me?"

"Chicken pie, sah."

"Chicken pie, you black rascal!" the customer replied. "Chicken pie? Why, there's not a piece of chicken in it, and never was."

"Dat's right, boss—dey ain't no chicken in it."

"Then why do they call it chicken pie? I never heard of such a thing."

"Dat's all right, boss. Dey don't have to be no chicken in a chicken pie. Dey ain't no dog in a dog biscuit, is dey?"

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Save Half!

We beat all in low prices—our tremendous buying power enables us to buy finest woolens at lowest prices. Regular $35 tailor made to your measure Suits and overcoats only $15 from us; $45 values, $18, etc. Don't buy "ready-mades" and pay double our price, or other tailors four times our price.

Don't Be Deceived Have you noticed many houses advertising that they make your clothes "to measure?" You think you're getting Tailor-Made-to-Your-Order clothes but you're not. They simply sell you "hand-me-downs" that they have in stock just the same as regular clothing stores. You wonder why they don't fit—no style—no wear—you're dissatisfied. There's a big difference between "made-to-measure" and "made-to-order" garments and our clothes SHOW that difference.

$1,000 REWARD

to anyone who proves that we do not make all OUR garments absolutely tailor-made to your individual order and measurements. We do not carry ready made garments in stock. We give you a legal guarantee of money back if you are not delighted with the perfect fit, elegant fabrics, style and wonderful wear of our garments.

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Locomotor Ataxia

In a very interesting article on Locomotor Ataxia, Dr. Henry C. Story says that drugs have practically no beneficial effect in these cases. He says that rest should be insisted upon, and there should be no worries or troubles. Plenty of fresh air and moderate exercise must be insisted upon, but over-exertion is injurious. The use of tobacco and alcohol should be strictly forbidden, and over-eating is dangerous, especially when the food is poorly masticated. The food must be of the most nourishing kind, and the quantity and variety must be changed so that the patient will not lose his appetite. The most annoying symptom in these cases is the pain which at times is almost unbearable. Dr. Story says that he finds two Anti-kamnia Tablets repeated in an hour if necessary, gives prompt relief and rest to the patient. These Tablets can be obtained at all druggists in any quantity desired. Ask for A-K Tablets.

Also unexcelled for headaches, neuralgia and all Pain.

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$25.00 For A Name For This Pony

I WILL give $25.00 FREE for the best name for a beautiful prize Shetland Pony. Send the best name you can think of right away, for not only do you have a chance to win the $25 prize, but

You Can Win the Pony Too

for I am going to give him to some boy or girl who will do a little easy work for me. I have just given "Dandy" "Patches," "Carlo" and "Gyp," "Scout," "Domino," and other beautiful ponies, and now I am going to give away another pony. But first *I want a name for him.*

1500 Votes Free Just as soon as you send me a name for the pony I will tell you all about my great contest and I will also send you a special coupon good for 1500 free pony votes. Remember, I will give $25 for the best name for this pony, and if more than one sends the name selected each will receive $25 and I send you 1500 free pony votes and full particulars about the pony as soon as I hear from you. Only one name from each family accepted. Write me today.

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4 Full Quart Bottles Mellow Springs Whiskey $2.25

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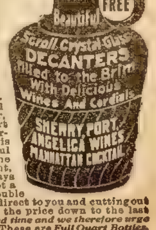

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Aeroplane Tom

Or, In the World-Wide War

By HUGH HAMILTON

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Begun in No. 39, September 26. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER VII.
STEALING AN AIRSHIP.

THE sound "trimming" received by the pugnacious German drummer boy at the hands of Tom and Basil promised to be an object lesson they would not soon forget.

The wind-up of the affair was witnessed by several officers who applauded the victors, which did not lessen the stings of defeat, and the last the young aviators heard were threats of future vengeance, at which they laughed.

Our friends were ordered to keep within the tent, which had been guarded, and they obeyed.

They were liable at any time to be brought before some military court to answer the charge of being spies, but as the hours drifted away without the expected summons, they began to grow less uneasy. Had they been forgotten? Were the Germans too busy with the Belgian army to take up the matter, and were they to be altogether overlooked?

This, however, did not seem probable.

The fighting between the contending armies had been of the most fearful description. The great war had opened in earnest and all Europe was springing to arms

Never in the history of the world had such vast armies marshaled for the battlefield. The wars of Caesar, the campaigns of the Great Frederick and the battles of Napoleon promised to be dwarfed by this conflict of the crowned giants.

The day that followed the capture of the two boys passed dismally to them. They were not permitted to look out upon the stirring scenes that surrounded them, but they could gauge the contest by sound and knew that the Belgian forts still held out on both sides of the Meuse.

They dreaded to see night come and yet they longed for it. It might afford an opportunity of escape, for freedom had not left their minds for a single moment.

The guard who paced in front of the tent knew nothing but stern duty and Tom and Basil heard his steady tread in no hopeful mien.

"We have no Merdi to save us now," dolefully remarked the Swiss boy, breaking a lengthy silence. "We will have to accept fate when it comes, no matter in what garb we find her."

"That's what we set out to do," answered Tom in defiant humor. "We took our lives in our hands when we turned the Swiftwing's nozzle toward Liege."

"Sure we did, Herr Tom, but I never expected this."

All at once despite the fact that night had thrown her sable mantle over the earth, the battle broke again. The heavy artillery shook the very earth and the long rolls of musketry added to the deadly din.

"I would like to see what is going on," cried Tom with uncurbed impatience. "I must see, Basil."

"And stop a German bullet?"

"I can't say as to that."

Tom had already noticed that the front of the tent was the only guarded point and he now set about carrying into operation the plan he had deliberately formed.

The bottom of the tent seemed to offer egress, and examination showed that they might be able to elude their enemies by crawling out.

Basil fell eagerly into the plan and the young aviators, taking the perilous risk, managed to reach the open air with their hearts in their throats.

Far to the right the battle was going on with renewed fury.

They crept for some distance on hands and knees and did not rise till they had placed half a mile between them and the German forces.

Suddenly something dropped to the ground not far from them and Tom clutched Basil's arm, as he placed his lips close to his ear.

"A birdman has come down," he whispered. "I can see the outlines of the aeroplane."

"I see it, too," answered Basil.

"If we could capture it escape might be possible."

"But it may not be like the Swiftwing," suggested the Swiss boy.

"You forget, Basil, that I have learned a good deal about airships under Uncle Francke's tutelage. "I have made a study of German aeroplanes and——"

"Then let us see what that one is like."

They advanced cautiously toward the airship which had just descended and saw a figure glide away from it.

Tom crept nearer and in a few minutes had circumnavigated the aerial craft.

He came back to Basil with a smile.

"It is formed on one of our models," said he in low tones. "It is almost like the lost Swiftwing."

"That's good news."

"Better still; it is unguarded for the present. The aviator may have gone to headquarters to report."

"Then our chance has come!"

The airship was smaller than the Swiftwing, but Tom saw that it would carry two persons. It was not equipped with a rapid fire gun, being designed more especially for scout work. Two small bombs rested in their sockets, but the boys knew that they were powerful weapons.

Leaving Basil beside the aircraft, Tom made a widening circle about it and returned with the news that he had found no one.

Stealing an airship in an enemy's camp is never without danger, for these things are precious and the wonder was that this particular one had been left unwatched.

It did not take the daring young aeronauts long to adjust themselves in the aeroplane and when they had done so Tom laid his hand on the peculiarly shaped rod.

Instantly there was a tremor as though life had suddenly been injected into the craft and the aeroplane began to ascend.

Not a word was spoken now.

The excitement of the moment stilled their tongues and hope and fear struggled for mastery in their bosoms.

There was a graceful movement to the airship which reminded them of the beloved Swiftwing, and they were soaring into the air before Tom ventured to speak.

All at once a cry broke from his throat. Basil echoed it and crouched.

The theft had been discovered!

"Set your teeth hard," said Tom. "It's life or death if those rascally Dutch get the range."

Up, up they went, the airship answering every call for its intricate powers. Bullets were whistling round them. There was a wild commotion underneath; the full moon revealed hundreds of flitting figures; the whole German camp seemed in a passion.

"What if they bring up their cannon?" Basil gasped as he clung to his perch.

"The airship killers, you mean? I doubt not they will get them after us——"

The prediction was answered with a shot which did not come from a musket.

Basil dodged when the heavy shot had passed them.

Tom steadied his nerves and kept his head, for if ever he needed it, it was at that moment.

The airship with the swiftness of a bird sought the upper air as though conscious of what was expected of it.

"They can't reach us now," cried Tom in ecstasy. "We've beaten them to the upper depths."

"But the race is not ended, Herr Tom."

Once out of range Tom looked at the compass attached to the stolen aeroplane and shifted his course.

"A war balloon!" cried the watchful Swiss boy.

"It is more than that," Tom answered from between his teeth. "It is one of Herr Gremlich's torpedo-aeroplanes. They have never yet been tested in war. They can throw out deadly gases which destroy life on airships and render them mere coffin traps."

"Are they swift, Herr Tom?"

"They are designed to be so, but——"

"Get out of her path," was the interruption. "Oh, for our rapid-fire gun!"

The balloon-like affair was now coming toward them and on the same aerial level.

An electric light of strong searching powers flashed beneath the bag and had already been trained on the aeroplane.

"This pesky thing is slower than the Swiftwing," grumblingly confessed Tom.

"Then, we are lost again!"

"Cover up your face and be quick about it," the young Yankee commanded.

Basil was not slow to obey.

The strange invention was now nearly upon them. Tom saw a man leaning over the edge of the car. He was holding something to his mouth

"Surrender!" came his voice through a tube. "Your escape has been signalled to us."

Tom made no reply from beneath his muffling.

"Surrender, I say."

The same silence was the answer.

The man dropped the tube and turned his head. Instantly something was launched at the aeroplane. It caught hold of one of the rods, where it wrapped itself like a serpent.

It was the gaseous death!

As the boys shivered speechless in the airship a flame broke out on the aerial monster, and in a moment the huge bag was a fiery torch.

"So much for Herr Gremlich's genius," grinned Tom. "His invention is a failure."

CHAPTER VIII.
MERDI AGAIN.

FORTUNATE indeed it was for our young aeronauts that Herr Gremlich's invention was not a success.

There was no escape for the occupants of the airship destroyer and the boys to their horror saw the end of it all Meantime the projectile which had been hurled at them had spent its force without carrying out its object and they were permitted to continue their flight to the Belgian lines.

Colonel Calvay was the first to greet

Sore Teeth
Foul Breath

Discolored, Sore Teeth, Gum Disease and Foul Breath Yield Quickly to This Home Treatment

You can save the teeth nature gave you, make your mouth healthy and escape the tortures of the dental chair by following this new treatment at home. It is simple, easy and pleasant. Besides it is painless and cannot possibly harm you in any way.

Thousands of mouths like this are seen every day. The trouble is known as Pyorrhea or Riggs Disease. These soft, discolored, bleeding, foul-smelling and receding gums, loosened and sensitive teeth can be made firm, strong and healthy by this simple Home Method.

FREE BOOK TELLS HOW

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A simple home treatment which we are placing before the public will bring you the relief and comfort you desire. Stop spending money with dentists who do not help you. Don't waste your money on drug store remedies that are invariably, as you know, disappointing.

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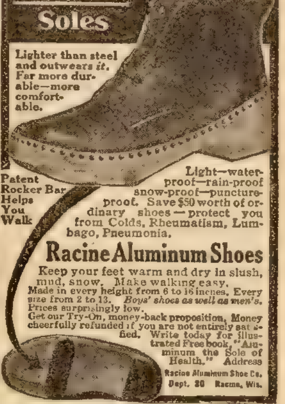

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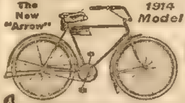

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them both when they finally alighted.

'This is not your aeroplane?" said he after looking over the airship.

"It is not," answered Tom. "We took this one from the enemy."

"It is yours from now on. I trust it will become as famous as the Swiftwing."

"It will not be our fault if it does not," bowed the American boy. "I think we will have to enlist in the Belgian service."

"And I am sure King Albert will be proud of you."

Glad to get back safely, though they had lost their aeroplane, Tom and Basil had the freedom of city and camp.

They did not get to enjoy it very long for they were soon confronted by a patrol which demanded that, as they looked strong enough to bear arms, they should go to the front at once

"In an airship?" asked Basil, startled by thought of new dangers.

"Afoot, young sirs. You will find arms when you get to the trenches," was the reply.

There was no evading this new duty and presently they were on their way to the conflict.

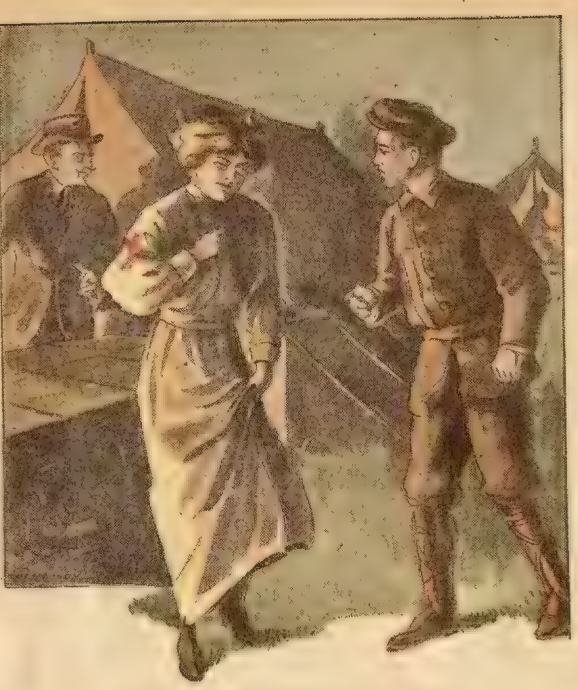
"Out of the frying pan right into the fire,' ejaculated Basil with the most lugubrious of faces. "Are we never to get out of peril?"

"Yes, when this war ends, I suppose,' laughed Tom, and before long rifles were placed in their hands and they found themselves in the midst of smoke-begrimed men who had resisted the German advance for many hour

They reached the trenches at a moment when the Germans were once more rushing the ramparts with all their zeal. They came on in great columns, their red faces showing through the smoke and their bayonets fixed.

The Belgian artillery mowed them down but still they came on with a heroism that made martyrs of hundreds Now they fell back and again, led by their generals, they swept forward to the very fringe of the blood-stained trenches to be met by the same death-dealing fires.

This desperate work went on for hours The young aviators loaded and fired with the precision of veterans. The masses of Germans presented targets that could not be missed and when the last charge was repulsed Tom and Basil fell back exhausted.



A man was watching Merdi like a hawk.

They were at last permitted to return to the city. They had barely entered it when Tom felt his arm rudely jerked and he looked into the glowering face of his uncle.

"I heard you were here," said the inventor, with another scowl. "I got a rumor from somewhere. What have you done with the Swiftwing?"

"We left it in the German camp, or what was left of it," and Tom narrated their adventures in midair.

"But I think we can present you with one just as good," he concluded

"There is none better than the Swiftwing. I made it myself."

"But let us look at the one we brought back."

They proceeded to where they had left the captured aeroplane and Herr Chester inspected it.

"The fellow who made it stole some of my thunder," said the old man with a smile.

Well, you now have his thunder to give you some new ideas," answered Tom.

"Are you sure you inspected this aircraft thoroughly?" asked the inventor. "Here is a little pocket which is locked."

"We overlooked that!" exclaimed Tom.

As there was no key with which to open the pocket-like contrivance, Herr Chester broke it with a hammer, and then uttered a cry.

"Here! you may take this trash," he said, turning to Tom. "The aerial rascal didn't fly empty-handed."

The box was full of gold coins and Tom picked up a number that had fallen to the ground.

'Give it to the Red Cross," said he, spurning the wealth. "I donate it to that splendid cause"

'It shall be done, boy, with our compliments."

The young birdmen resolved to call at the jail and see how Merdi was getting along.

Night had fallen again and the two armies seemed to be getting breath for another tussle.

The guard at the jail gazed with astonishment at them and opened the door when they requested it.

"My daughter is gone!" cried a man who appeared to them in the inner hall.

"Gone?" echoed the two boys.

"She is dead to me," the old jailer continued "She has been carried off by several deserters, among whom is a man suspected of being a German spy."

"When did she disappear?" asked Tom,

Not two hours ago. She was seen taken from the rear entrance and since then we have had no tidings of her."

"She shall be rescued!"

The old man started.

"Not by you boys,' was the retort. "It is impossible. If she is in the German camp rescue is impossible. She has a lover who has importuned her for her hand, which she has presistently refused. Let me mourn my Merdi as dead."

"What think you of that?" said Tom, turning to Basil. "The girl who saved our lives in the hands of the enemy. It is terrible, Basil."

There was no reply.

"I am going to take the trail," Tom went on. "I trust it is not as bad as reported. A search of the enemy's camp may result in something, and I do not intend to let the Germans have Merdi."

"But think of the danger, Herr Tom. They know we stole the aeroplane——"

"Yes. They know it. But Merdi must be rescued."

"How will you enter the lines? In an airship?"

"I shall abandon the aeroplane for the moment. One feels safest when his feet are on solid ground."

"But one cannot run as fast on ground as he can fly through the air."

Tom was not to be deterred.

He had already half settled on a plan which he expected to perfect and an hour later he was back once more near the opposing lines.

There were signs of the deadly conflict all about him. The Germans had fallen back at last, but he knew it would not be for long. It was only a breathing spell.

Getting through the Belgians under the murky covering of the battlefield was not exacting. More than once, however, he longed for the aeroplane with which he had become familiar, but now it was not to be thought of, for Merdi occupied his mind.

Thanks to his German, he was not molested and he made his way from post to post, all the time taking mental notes of the distribution of the enemy's forces for future use to the Belgians. In this he was again playing the dangerous role of spy. Finally he turned to the hospital camp where the surgeons were busy with their terrible work.

Lights were everywhere.

All at once he started, for Merdi appeared before him as though she had risen from the ground.

She had been pressed into the service as a nurse and he saw that the work was distasteful to her. Had she been nursing her own countrymen it would have been different.

'Merdi!" he said in low tones when he had penetrated to where she stood.

The girl started but, comprehending all at a glance, she placed a finger to her lip and with her eyes motioned him away.

Then he saw what he had not seen before. A man was watching the girl like a hawk, a handsome but evil-eyed fellow of six-and-twenty.

Returning the girl's look to inform her that he understood, Tom turned slowly away.

'She must be rescued," he said to himself when he had gone some little distance. "I am quite sure I have seen her abductor. He resembles the spy whose papers fell into my hands the night Basil and I pounced upon him in the shadow of the Cathedral."

This was warning enough. Everything suggested caution and as Tom Chester was a level-headed youth, mental advice was hardly necessary.

He had not proceeded far from the hospital ere he heard a footstep behind him and the moment he turned, a hand was laid on his arm.

The girl's guardian was glaring at him like a wolf of the Black Forest.

"What is it?" demanded Tom with an air of injured innocence.

"You should know without wasting breath," was the rejoinder. "Don't you think you've poked your precious head into the lion's den?"

A cold chill crept to the young aviator's heart

"Come with me," continued the man. "They are anxious to see the boy who stole the airship."

Tom was staggered

"I'll go without having my arm crushed," said he. "You've got the wrong bird in your net and——"

"I know what I've caught!" was the gruff retort, and Tom was pushed forward with an oath.

CHAPTER IX.

BASIL HAS ADVENTURES.

MEANTIME Basil Granson, the Swiss boy, was having adventures of his own and, leaving Tom in the German net, we will return to him.

Basil had not the taste for adventure that characterized the American boy, yet when he was aroused he could be as brave as a lion. He found himself alone after Tom's departure from Liege and therefore was thrown upon his own resources.

Having had a taste of the luscious frankfurters in the French meat shop he resolved to try for another sampling of them, and shortly after the separation he wended his way thither

He was recognized by the Frenchman, but noticed that he was suspiciously received.

"I have no frankfurters for [illegible] growled the old man, mopping his [illegible] with a white apron. "I can't afford to harbor spies."

These words went through the Swiss boy like swords.

"I am no spy I would have you know!" he retorted with spirit. "I am Swiss——"

"Well, you Swiss are half Dutch anyway," interrupted the butcher. "We can't trust you."

Basil was backing out when a door

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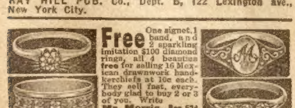

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flew open and he was in the hands of the butcher's stalwart wife.

"I'll shut him up," she growled with a glance at her husband. "We will claim a reward for capturing this young spy."

The grip on the boy's arm was viselike. He summoned all his powers to his assistance, but in vain.

"Lock him up till I send for the guard!" cried the big butcher.

"Send for Herr Chester, the airship inventor," answered the youth. "He will know me."

"We don't know your Herr Chester. And, besides, little one, that sounds too German for me."

Basil was forthwith led away by the Amazon and shut up in a small room in the rear of the establishment.

There was but one window in the place and it afforded only a ray of light.

Basil sank upon the narrow cot of straw, disconsolate.

"I told Tom we were always getting out of the frying pan to jump into the fire," he mused. "Here I am, charged with being a German spy and liable to be shot without trial."

An hour later a key clicked in the lock and the door was flung open. The French woman stood before him with arms akimbo and a frown on her sallow visage. The boy saw at once that she had tarried too long at her wine.

"Well, how does my bird like his cage?" she cried, fixing her eyes upon the prisoner.

"I don't like this place," freely confessed Basil. "And, then, you have no right to keep me here."

"He have every right," was the reply. "Have you found Herr Chester?"

"We don't deal with the Germans except with Belgian bayonets. Stand up yonder."

She pointed to a certain spot on the floor, but Basil hesitated.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"I'm going to see how hard your skin is."

The face of the Swiss boy whitened.

"You mean you are going to whip me?"

"Just a little skitting," laughed the woman. "I haven't had a chance to trim anybody since my adopted boy ran off."

"Well, you are not going to 'trim' me!" cried the youth, backing off.

"Eh? Not going to test your back, you say?"

She drew from her frock a whip the sight of which sent a cold chill through Basil's frame.

There seemed no escape. The woman was a perfect giantess with limbs of iron, and her eyes blazed with wine-set fury.

"Aren't you going to strip?" she yelled, fairly dancing in her rage.

"I am not."

The next instant the Amazon sprang forward like a tigress and before Basil could get out of her reach she was upon him.

"Take off your jacket," she commanded as she shook him till he thought all his bones were loose. "I don't intend to cut it to pieces for the sake of getting at your Dutch hide."

"I say I'm Swiss," defied the boy.

Hoping for an opportunity to get the best of her and escape the threatened punishment, Basil began to take off his doublet.

"Hurry up," shouted the woman. "I can't wait here till Doomsday to get a lick at you."

With teeth set hard the boy continued the disrobing process.

All at once, seeing his persecutor's glance momentarily turned from him, he leaped forward and taking her under the jaw by a well-directed blow, sent her across the room.

But he had calculated without his host, for she was nimble despite her girth, and recovered while he gazed at his work.

"I'm going to cut you into strips!" she yelled till the whole house seemed to ring with her words. "There won't be enough left of you for the Belgians to bury."

She came at him with uplifted whip and it hissed through the air as it descended upon the arm which Basil threw out to ward off the blow. He caught the lash in midair and tried to twist it from her hands. The vixen sputtered like one mad. The boy felt the horrid breath on his cheek. They went hither and thither across the room in their struggle for the mastery. Suddenly Basil broke loose and bounded to the one chair that stood in the chamber. He caught it up and stood furiously at bay. A few feet distant stood the woman, panting like a beast, her eyes ablaze and her bosom heaving with rage which she did not try to curb.

"Drop the chair!" she commanded.

"Drop the whip."

"Yes, when I have cut you into frankfurter meat."

In spite of the menace of the chair, she came forward like a cyclone and the Swiss boy struck with all his might.

The old chair went to pieces on the woman's head.

The blow, however, was enough to floor the butcher's wife, and she went down like a stricken beef.

The boy threw the remainder of the chair away.

"Now for freedom!" he exclaimed. "Of course the door is locked, but Madame has the key."

He fumbled in the woman's pockets and found what he sought.

As he sprang up something fell from the Amazon's bosom.

It was a small roll of paper and the Swiss boy snatched it up.

Although the light was very poor, he managed to see a lot of lines which indicated a diagram of some sort. He was thrilled. He struck a match and held the paper close to his face. Everything was plain now. He was looking at a map of the Belgian forts, and he also saw an estimate of the strength of King Albert's army. The truth flashed through his brain with electric swiftness.

The butcher and his wife were in the pay of Germany.

"I'll keep this," cried Basil. "I guess I won't be whipped by that fury."

He was making for the door when he heard a wild cry behind him.

The Amazon was on her feet and advancing, desperate at the loss of her treasure.

"Give me back the paper and you may go," she exclaimed. "Let me have that which you have stolen——"

"You will find it at the front," was the interruption. "I bid you adieu, madame."

There was a terrific cry which Basil did not heed, for he jerked the door open and was gone.

To get through the meatshop into the street was now the next thing. He knew that the woman would alarm her husband and he was not mistaken. She was already after him and her shout thrilled him to the quick.

The big butcher turned with a cleaver in his hand.

"Kill! Francois, kill!" screeched the maddened creature. "He has found the papers!"

It was enought to set the butcher upon him like a mad dog. The cleaver looked like an ax as it was raised to strike, but Basil, dodging behind one of the stalls, managed to escape it and in another moment was in the street. He fled as he had never fled before, imagining that his enemies were at his heels, and at last, after crossing the marketplace, he nearly collided with a group of Belgian officers.

Singling out one of them he thrust the paper into his hands and stood off.

"Where did you get this?" cried the soldier with astonishment.

"At Francois' meatshop."

"Don't lie to us, boy."

"I am not lying. I found it in the possession of the butcher's wife."

"The dogs!" was the retort. "We will have the precious pair in our hands in a jiffy;" and Basil, without waiting to witness the result, hastened away, glad to get back to his quarters where he could congratulate himself upon his lucky escape.

Next week's Ledger will contain the concluding chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

Garden Hunting.

I went into the garden in the cool of the evening, when the place was in shadows, though amply lighted by the light that came from the powdered gold of the West, and as I walked about I heard a rustle behind the hedge of raspberry vines and tall weeds. I must confess to the weeds being there. They are just beyond the edge of the garden, and I have been waiting for a clear day to clean them out.

But to return to the rustle behind the bushes. When it was repeated I began an investigation, and when the intruder was not scared out, went boldly in. Then I discovered a very small youth clad in khaki, and desperately armed with a five-cent pistol.

"What are you looking for?" I demanded.

"Wolves and bears," he replied, without a quiver of the eyes.

"There are none in this garden," I answered.

"There might be," he said. "You find all sorts of things in a garden at this time of day. I shot a wildcat in one."

"Oh, you did!" said I, ironically. "I suppose it weighed one hundred pounds?"

"I didn't weigh it," he answered diplomatically.

* * *

Not Malicious.

A Mobile manufacturer tells of a darky who came to him one day with a request to be excused from work the next day, explaining that his wife had died and that he must attend the funeral.

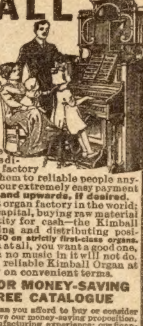
This request, seeming reasonable, was granted; but after a lapse of some weeks the darky again asked a day off.

"All right, Frank," said the boss. "What's it for this time?"

"This time I gets married."

"So soon? Why, it's only been a few weeks since you buried your wife."

"Sure!" said Frank, "but I don't hold spite long."



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If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Users report immediate relief and speedy cures. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box 457, South Bend, Ind.

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LADIES $1000 REWARD! I positively guarantee my great Successful **"Compound."** Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal affections in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $1.50; Double Strength, $2.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today DR. C. L. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., 515 MAIN ST., KANSAS CITY, MO.

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THE FAIRY CORNER

THE END OF HIM.

When summer's here, it's often hot,
  But bugs enjoy it quite a lot.
They're very much like me and you,
  About the things they like to do.

For instance, buglets like to swim—
  A buglet often takes a whim
To jump into the water and
  Just swim around to beat the band.

Although of swimming they are fond,
  They do not need to have a pond;
A glass of water's quite enough,
  And there the water's never rough.

One day a buglet chanced to see
  A brimming cup of boiling tea;
He dived right in to take a swim—
  And that was quite the last of him.

⁂

THE ESKIMO.

The Dollivers are a family of dolls. The country they live in is the nursery. The house they live in is a little low cupboard, and that makes an upstairs and a downstairs. All children know that when people go to sleep dolls wake up and have their little pleasure and their little pains, as we do. The king—or, rather, the queen—of the country in which the Dollivers live is Ethel, the little girl who owns them.

The visit of the Eskimo was an interesting thing to the Dollivers. The Eskimo was dressed in white fur from the top of his head right down to his feet. Just his little pink face with its smiling blue eyes showed.

Mrs. Dolliver was worried. She always began thinking about what to feed people as soon as she saw them.

"I suppose he lives on snow and ice," she said in a whisper to Mr. Dolliver, "and there isn't a dust of ice in the refrigerator."

"There couldn't be a dust of ice, I think, my dear," Mr. Dolliver said very reasonably. "There might be a drop, if it melted—but there really could not be a dust."

Mrs. Dolliver said: "I have some cake with icing on it. I'm going to try him with that."

The Eskimo ate the iced cake as if he had never lived on anything else. Indeed, that was what Dolly Dolliver did think; she said so. "I don't believe he ever saw the North Pole," she told her mother, "much less climbed up it many a day, as he says he did. I think he is just a doll—like us—only with a white fur suit on."

Mrs. Dolliver reproved her daughter for thinking ill of people before she knew anything about them, and just to prove that she was right, Dolly asked the Eskimo to tell them all about the North Pole, and how he lived when he was there.

"I'll tell you first," he said, "about a little polar bear who was very, very lonesome. Night and day he howled. 'Oh, Mammy Bear, I'm so lonesome—lonesome—lonesome!'

"So Mammy Bear said to the little polar bear, 'You are enough to drive a body wild. I'm just going to catch a little Eskimo the next time I go out hunting and bring him home for you to play with.'

"The little polar bear fairly jumped for joy when he heard that. He thought it would be perfectly delightful to have a little Eskimo to play with. So the next time Mammy Bear went out hunting she went up close to a snow hut, where a little Eskimo was rolling around in the snow, and picked him up and carried him home.

"The little Eskimo yelled and yelled, thinking Mammy Bear intended to eat him. She didn't. She carried him home.

"The little polar bear looked at the little Eskimo, and the little Eskimo looked at the little polar bear. Then the little polar bear went up to the little Eskimo and gave him a little tap.

"The little Eskimo ran back, fell down, rolled over and over, and squealed; and that scared the little polar bear.

"The little Eskimo got up, looked at the little polar bear, and looked at him, and looked at him, and looked at him.

"By and by the little Eskimo came up to the little polar bear, gave him a little tap with his little flabby fist.

"The little polar bear ran back, and fell down, and rolled over, with squeals most terrific!

"Then he got up and the little polar bear and the little Eskimo stood and looked at each other for a long time. 'I'm afraid of you,' the little polar bear said.

"'No, you're not; I'm afraid of you,' the little Eskimo said.

"'Let's not be afraid of each other any more,' the little polar bear said. 'Let's play.'

"'All right,' said the little Eskimo, 'what shall we play?'

"'Let's play ice tag,' said the little polar bear.

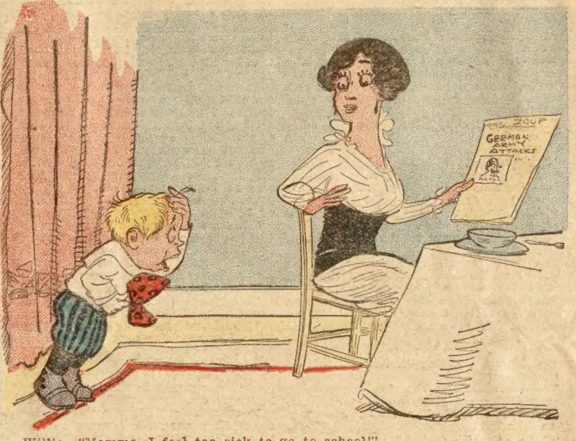
"Now, when you play ice tag, anybody can catch you if you get off of ice; but the little bear's house was all made of ice, and the yard was all ice, and the wash tubs were all ice, and the front fence was all ice, and the back fence was all ice, because the polar bear and the Eskimo family lived on an iceberg.

"So that little polar bear and the little Eskimo began to play ice tag. And they never could catch each other, because they could never get off of ice. They ran round, and round, and round—and I guess they are running yet."

"Who was that little Eskimo?" asked all the Dolliver family. Even the china pigs seemed impressed.

"I was that little Eskimo," the Eskimo doll replied. And he struck an attitude and looked most wonderfully proud.

"You were?" Dolly Dolliver said. "Why, if you were that little Eskimo, you would be running yet—and you are here. I don't believe you ever saw an iceberg, or the North Pole. I think Ethel just bought you from the 10-cent counter."



Willie—"Mamma, I feel too sick to go to school!"
Mother—"Would you like a doctor?"
Willie—"Yes, mamma, Dr. Brown—he always recommends the outdoor treatment."

⁂

Elephant Tag.

Each child takes the name of an animal—dog, cat, kangaroo, panther, or anything he wishes, but one must be the elephant, one one must be the mouse. The elephant tries to catch all the animals except the mouse, and the mouse tries to catch the elephant. If the elephant touches one of the animals that animal must go into the menagerie (probably the front yard). He tries to get all the animals into the menagerie without getting caught by the mouse. If there are many children there can be two elephants and two mice. If one of the elephants is caught he is put into the menagerie, too, but he can be rescued if the other elephant touches him.

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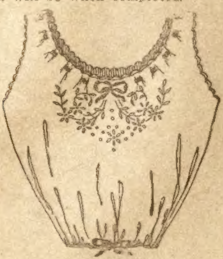
Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

The LEDGER'S EMBROIDERY CORNER.

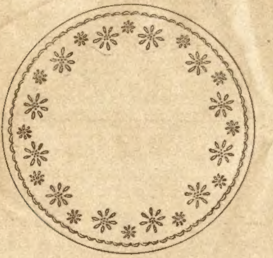
It is not necessary to have an extensive knowledge of needlecraft before undertaking any of the designs on this page, as they are all within the scope of the ordinary embroiderer. The neater and more regular the work is, of course, the prettier and more satisfactory the work will be when completed.



No. 1153.

Corset-Cover stamped for all sizes on good quality nainsook. Price: 35 cents. Cotton for embroidery 15c extra.

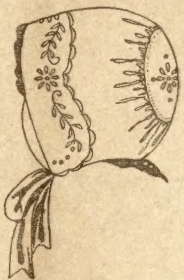
DESIGN NO. 1153.—Every woman of refinement delights in dainty hand-made underwear. The corset-cover No. 1153, which is illustrated here, is extremely simple and easily worked in the French and eyelet embroidery. As this year's style of waists all have the loose kimono sleeves, this design is especially well adapted for such waists, as it is cut out beyond the regulation arm hole, giving an extra fullness and the usefulness of a shield to the corset-cover.



No. 1815.

Centerpiece. Stamped on heavy white linon. Size 18 in., price 30c; cotton for working, 10c extra. Size 22 in. price 45c; cotton for working, 13c extra. Size 36 in. price $1.00; cotton for working, 25c extra. Size 18x50 in. price 75c; cotton for working 25c extra.

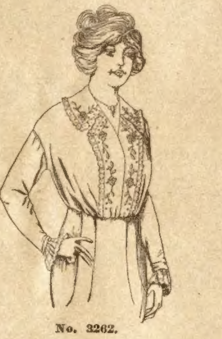
DESIGN NO. 1815.—Another dainty piece of embroidery for the needleworker is the centerpiece No. 1815, which can be secured in the four sizes as given under the illustration. The daisies are all padded and then worked solid in the satin stitch. A very pretty way of embroidering this design, if a touch of color is desired, which by the way is being used more and more on white goods, is to outline the petals of the daisies in a soft shade of delft blue or whatever color is preferred.



No. 3630.

Child Bonnet, stamped on white linon. Size 1 to 2 years. Price: 15 cents. Cotton for working, 8c extra.

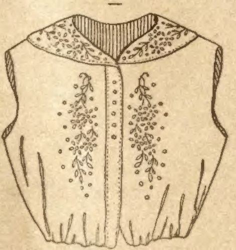
DESIGN NO. 3630.—The child's bonnet No. 3630 is to be worked in the French and eyelet embroidery. The leaves and scallops are well padded and then worked solid, while the daisies and dots are to be embroidered as eyelets. A complete lesson for embroidering and making is furnished with the design.



No. 3262.

Voile Waist. Stamped for all sizes on fine quality white crepe voile. Price: 50 cents. Includes floss for embroidering.

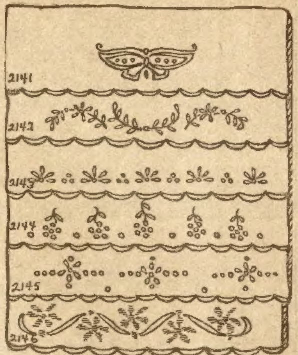
DESIGN NO. 3262.—All women who are fond of pretty white waists, will like the illustration shown here. The design is to be embroidered solid in the satin-stitch with the stems simply outlined. Before starting to embroider, cover each petal and leaf with padding stitches, placed lengthwise of the leaf. Then cover the padding with satin stitches placed diagonally across the leaf, thus giving a raised effect which shows off the embroidery to a much greater advantage.



No. 3664.

Sleeveless Guimp. Stamped for all sizes on good white crepe voile. Price: 50 cents. Cotton for working, 13c extra.

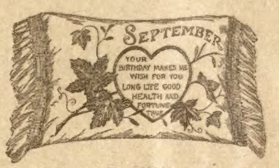
DESIGN NO. 3664.—Dame Fashion has so planned our clothes this season that it seems impossible to get along without one of these dainty guimps, which is one of the necessities of the present wardrobe of the up-to-date girl or woman. This design includes the stamped fronts and collar, with cutting-out lines, and a lesson with complete instructions for embroidering and making. As color is used to such a great extent on all embroideries, a very pretty touch may be given this design by outlining the small petals on each flower, after they have been worked solid in the satin stitch, with some delicate shade of a color to harmonize with the dress.



Nos. 2141—2146.

Five Guest Towels. Size 15x24 in. Stamped on union linen. Price: 30 cents each. Cotton for working one, 8 cents extra.

DESIGN NOS. 2141 THRO 2146.—Guest towels are always appreciated by every housekeeper. Now is the time to embroider these towels for Christmas gifts, or for the replenishing in our own supply of household linens. A variety of designs is given here, and all are worked in the solid and eyelet embroidery. Simplicity is the keynote of each design, which will appeal, I know, to all of our readers.


SEPTEMBER
YOUR BIRTHDAY MAKES ME WISH FOR YOU LONG LIFE GOOD HEALTH AND FORTUNE TRUE

No. 1089.

Birth Month Pillow. Size 18x22 inches. Stamped on excellent quality tan art ticking. Price: 25 cents. Floss for working, 92c extra.

DESIGN NO. 1089.—Pillow design No. 1089 is stamped on an excellent quality of heavy tan art ticking, and comes in the various floral sprays representing the different months. January has the forget-me-not, February the tulip, March the violet, April the pansy, May the daisy, June the rose, July the carnation, August the poppy, September the autumn leaves, October the acorn, November the chrysanthemum, and December the holly. These birthday pillows make very acceptable gifts.

Address—In ordering these articles, send numbers of designs wanted and price of each to Embroidery Dept. No. 10, Chicago Ledger, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

* * *

Revised Version.

A well-known philanthropist the other day gave a slum child's version of the story of the Garden of Eden.

She was sitting with one or two other children on the curb outside a public-house in Shoreditch, and her version of the story, picked up rather vaguely at some street corner mission meeting, sounded deplorably like the recital of some public-house row.

After a few preliminary details she proceeded:

"Eve ses: 'Adam, 'ave a bite?'

" 'No,' ses Adam, 'I don't want a bite.'

" 'Garn!' ses Eve. 'Garn, 'ave a bite.'

" 'I don't want a bite!' ses Adam."

The child repeated this dialogue once or twice, her voice gradually rising to a shrill shriek.

"An' then Adam took a bite," she finished up, dramatically. "An' the flamin' angel come along wiv 'is sword, an' 'e ses to 'em both: 'Nah, then—ahtside!' "

* * *

His Wife's Vanity.

Mr. Woolerton—"Yes, sah, mah wife's vanity done got me put in jail wunst."

Mr. Yallerby—"How come dat?"

Mr. Woolerton—"Well, yo' see, Ah done borrowed a fowl outen Colonel Gunnerton's henhouse one night, an' mah wife 'sisted on wearing de wing fedders in huh bonnet. De colonel knew de wings, an' he had me jugged for stealin' de fowl."—Puck.

FREE! Memory Pillow Holds Your Photo

ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER

(Patent Applied For)

Just Out! Design 7006, Fashion's latest rage—Memory Pillow Top with Back, Top of De Luxe Art Ticking, natural tan, hand tinted to be embroidered in shades of blue, yellow and green. Size 17 by 22 inches. *Top has place to insert any photograph under the transparent cover furnished.*

LADIES: We prepay postage and give you this charming new Memory Pillow free and Embroidery Lesson too. Because we find this the quickest way to introduce our celebrated R. M. C. Floss to thousands. We ask nothing except 25c in stamps to pay for exact materials necessary to start you at once embroidering the Pillow. You receive all these postpaid:

1 Memory Pillow Top—1 Pillow Back, worth 25c
6 Skeins R. M. C. Floss in required shades " 15c
1 Transparent Protector for Photograph " . 5c
1 Alphabet of Transfer Initials . . . " 15c
1 Sure Guide Diagram Embroidery Lesson FREE
Total worth, 60c

And to those who write *at once* we will also give our De Luxe Premium Art Book picturing 600 Embroidery Patterns given *free* for tags saved from Richardson's Floss. *Money cheerfully refunded if you are not delighted.*

RICHARDSON'S MERCERIZED COTTON FLOSS GUARANTEED FAST COLORS

is the favorite of millions because of its rich Oriental lustre and gorgeous colors that launder beautifully and will not run.

Write Quick, sending us your dealer's name and 30c. Then this *Free Memory Pillow* and Embroidery Outfit come postpaid. Address without fail—

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Dept. 5017, 305-9 W. Adams St., Chicago
Makers Also of Richardson's Grand Prize Spool Silk

21 RUBY JEWEL $25 GOLD WATCH $3.95

Here is the watch you have always wanted, sent to you at our risk, without your sending any money—not even a deposit. Write if you prefer open face or hunting case, ladies' or gents' size, and we will send this twenty-five year, fully guaranteed, thin model, American made, beautifully engraved watch for free examination and test. If you are satisfied with it and are sure it equals a $25.00 gold watch, pay us only $3.95 and the watch is yours. Write now.
RELIABLE WATCH CO., Dept. 35 CHICAGO

Knit Wool Shawls

Free WHITE or RED

We are going to give these shawls away to our readers.

The shawls are made of woolen yarn. They come in two colors, white or red. These shawls can be used in many ways; as a shoulder shawl, like that shown in the cut, or they can be used to throw over the head.

These shawls are large and well made, and we want every reader of this paper to have one of them, so we will send you one **FREE OF ALL CHARGE**, if you will enclose $1.00 for a year's subscription to this paper.

We send the shawl all charges prepaid. Be sure to state whether you want white or red.

This is a splendid offer, and we are glad to be able to distribute these shawls among our readers.

We treat old and new subscribers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber say so when you write, and we will have your new subscription commence when the old one expires.

Cut out this adv. and send to the Blade and Ledger, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Canada sub. price $1.50 per year.

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We want special agents everywhere to handle our immense business. No capital required. We send you this magnificent outfit absolutely free—all charges prepaid. Our selling plans bring the orders right to you. Every Reliable suit sells a dozen others. With our outfit you can live where you want, go where you want and always make a big city salary. Send for this magnificent outfit today. You are losing money every day until you get it.

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Length 31½ inches. Working parts of the best grades of steel. Lever action, shooting barrel removable. Use shot or darts. The stock is finely polished walnut. Shoots small game. Powerful, accurate, durable. You can have this air rifle for distributing only 8 of our fast selling art pictures at 25 cents on our special offer. Everybody will take one.
IT COSTS YOU NOTHING to try, as we take back those you can't dispose of. Send no money, just your name and address. M. O. SEITZ, 10D51 CHICAGO.

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(Signed) Spear of Pittsburgh

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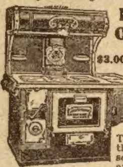

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Order No. D2606. Price $23.85 with Reservoir

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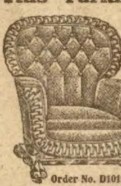
30-Day Home Trial

on any Household Article

This Turkish Rocker



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$7.85 Easy Terms

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A new, large, overstuff Turkish rocker with a deep spring seat, beautifully ruffled front and back. Covering is high-grade Sylvan leather well tufted. Made with a heavy claw foot platform, easy rocking springs. A wonderful value. And remember

Satisfaction is Guaranteed

by Spear on this fine rocker. **Shipped on 30 days' trial. Price $7.85. Terms, $1.25 cash with order, balance payable 75c monthly.**

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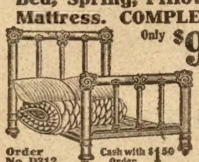
Only $9.45



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This handsome, complete Metal Bed Outfit, consisting of heavy, perfectly constructed Iron Bed, any color, 4 feet 6 inches wide; a good woven wire spring with steel supports and tubular steel frame; 50-pound cotton top mattress; 2 pillows.

This is one of the great bargains that has made Spear famous the world over for the most remarkable low furniture prices to be had anywhere.

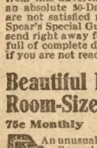
You Pay Only a Little at a Time

You are perfectly safe in ordering this beautiful bed, or any other article, direct from this advertisement, as Spear gives you an absolute 30-Day Home Trial and if you are not satisfied refunds your money under Spear's Special Guarantee Plan. Or, you can send right away for Spear's big Free Catalog, full of complete descriptions of every article, if you are not ready to order direct.

Beautiful Brussels Room-Size Rug, Now

$1.50 Cash with Order

75c Monthly **Order No. D4753**



An unusual value in a full 9x12 tapestry Brussels room rug. The design is a rich Oriental medallion pattern with a tan field intermixed with Persian designs in brown, green, red and black. A most attractive article and one which we guarantee to give satisfaction. **Sold on 30 days' trial. Price $10.45. Terms, $1.50 cash with order, balance payable 75c monthly.**

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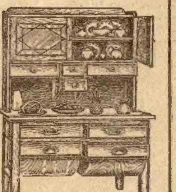
Record Low Price on a Kitchen Cabinet

75c Monthly



Order No. D2813

Never before has such a kitchen cabinet been offered at a price as low as what we quote on this one. The base top measures 25 x 42 inches. Made with two large sliding bins, two cutlery drawers and a large kneading board. The top has a large double china compartment fitted with art glass doors and four roomy spice drawers. Construction throughout of select golden oak with high gloss finish. **Sold on 30 days' trial. Price $8.95. Terms, $1.50 cash with order, balance payable 75c monthly.**

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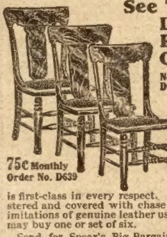
See These Good Dining Room Chairs

Six for $8.95 Easy Terms



75c Monthly
Order No. D639

No. D639-X—Each $1.55. No. D639—6 for $8.95. $1.50 Cash Balance 75c Monthly

A remarkable new dining chair with high plain panel back, continuous back posts and neat, turned front posts and spindles. Genuine golden oak, gloss finish. The construction throughout is first-class in every respect. Seats are heavily upholstered and covered with chase leather, one of the best imitations of genuine leather used for upholstering. You may buy one or set of six.

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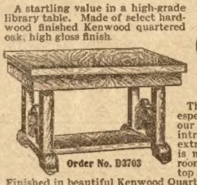
Amazing Bargain on a Select Library Table

A startling value in a high-grade library table. Made of select hardwood finished Kenwood quartered oak, high gloss finish.

Only 65c Monthly



Order No. D3703

This table has been especially designed for our trade and we are introducing it at an extremely low price. It is made with a large roomy drawer and the top measures 28 x 42 in. Finished in beautiful Kenwood Quartered Oak. Shipped on 30 days' trial. Your money back if not satisfied. Try it 30 days. Price $7.35. **Terms, $1.00 cash with order, balance payable 65c monthly. Order direct from this page.**

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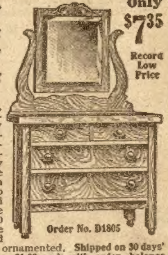
Dept. C, Pittsburgh, Pa.

One Dollar Puts This Nice New Dresser in Your Home

65c Monthly



Order No. D1805

Only $7.35 Record Low Price

To introduce this neat, new dresser we are quoting a remarkably low price. It is made of hardwood beautifully finished in Kenwood quartered oak and highly glossed. Has very large roomy drawers with wood knobs. The top measures 21 x 38 in. and the French beveled plate mirror measures 16 x 20 in. The standards are gracefully curved and the mirror frame neatly ornamented. **Shipped on 30 days' trial. Price $7.35. Terms, $1.00 cash with order, balance payable 65c monthly. Order direct from this page.**

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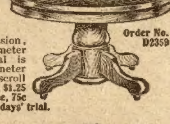
75c Monthly Try This Handsome Extension Table for Thirty Days at Home



Order No. D2359

An entirely new high-grade extension table, made of select genuine oak finished with a rich golden gloss finish. Top is made with 6 foot extension, measures 42 in. in diameter when closed. Pedestal is heavy stock 8 in. in diameter and made with colonial scroll feet. **Price $8.65. Terms, $1.25 cash with order. Balance, 75c monthly. Shipped on 30 days' trial.**

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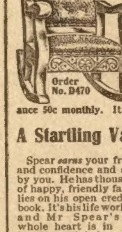

Order No. D470

Only 50c Monthly

A new high-grade parlor rocker, graceful design, hardwood frame, embossed front and top panels. May be had in either genuine golden oak or mahoganized birch finish. The covering is a high grade Spanish leatherette made with a deep spring seat and neatly tufted back. Sold under our guarantee. **Shipped on 30 days' trial. Price $5.65. Terms, 75c cash with order. Balance 50c monthly.** It is

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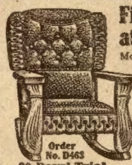
Get This Book

Fine Rocker at a Bargain



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30 Days' Trial

Most attractive parlor rocker ever produced at such a low price.

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Our high-grade Steinway sewing machine, made with an attractive, convenient, five drawer, solid oak case, finished a rich, golden gloss.

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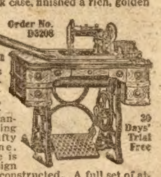

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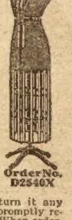
75c Monthly



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Spear's Latest "Crown" Adjustable Dress Form is a wonder. Makes dressmaking easy and a pleasure. Helps you to dress in up-to-date fashion at small cost. Eliminates the discomfort of being fitted. Quickly solves every difficulty and does away with guesswork, disappointment, and saves expense and waste of valuable material.

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